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A FARMER'S WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

INSCRIBED TO THE MAINE VOLUNTEERS.

Don't stop a moment to think, John,
Our country calls—then go,
Don't fear for me or the babes, John,
I'll care for them, you know.
Leave the corn upon the stalk, John,
Potatoes in the hill,
And the pumpkins on the vine, John,
I'll gather them with a will.

Then take your gun and go, John,
Yes, take your gun and go,
For Ruth can drive the oxen, John,
And I can handle the hoe.

I've heard my grandsire tell, John,
(He fought at Bunker Hill,)
He counted all, his life and wealth,
His country's off'ring still.
Would I shame the brave old blood, John,
That flowed on Monmouth plain?
No—take your gun and go, John,
Though I ne'er see you again.

Then take your gun, &c.

The army 's short of blankets, John,
Then take this heavy pair,
I spun and wove them when a girl,
And worked them with great care.
A rose in ev'ry corner, John,
And here's my name, you see,
On the cold ground they'll warmer feel,
Because they're made by *me*.

Then take your gun, &c.

And, John—if God has willed it so
We ne'er shall meet again,
I'll do my best for the children, John,
In sorrow, want or pain.
On winter evenings I'll teach them, John,
All that I learned at school,
And to love our country, keep her laws,
Obey the Saviour's rule.

Then take your gun, &c.

And now, Good by, to you, John,
I *cannot* say—Farewell,
We'll hope and pray for the best, John,
His goodness none can tell:
May His arm be round about you, John,
To guard you night and day,
Be our beloved country's shield,
Till war shall pass away.

Then take your gun, &c.

KING DICK.

A TALE OF ST. LOUIS AND NEW ORLEANS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

By C. L. BRIARMEAD.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"We were around town, we were. Bucked against the tiger, and won a small pile. Went to a Dutch lager-beer saloon, and a French eating and drinking house. Stopped at a nigger dance-house, away down under ground, and finally hauled up at a fancy house, and had a little chat with some of the girls. Retired to my virtuous couch, and woke about three o'clock, just as a man came into the room through a panel door. Took sight on him with my shooting-iron, and he absquatulated. Laid a five-dollar gold-piece on the chair, and cleared out by the back-door. Ran against a cursed big bull-dog that made a jump at me, so I had to throw him over the garden wall; then tortled towards home. Came up on the dark side of the street, and stopped on the corner because I heard some one coming up the cross street. But here comes the d—d iniquity of the thing. They stopped on the corner, and so I squatted in the doorway to listen, for I thought their voices were familiar like. One of 'em was the man that came into my room a few minutes before, and the other my fat friend of the river. They were blowing pretty extensively, and they mixed us up in their talk pretty strong."

"The h— they did!"

"From what they said there's two hundred thousand dollars to be made that belongs to Florence Mayfield, and they want her out of the road. We've kind of scared them by following on the trail so close, and they're afraid to take her out of the city while we're around; so they're holding on till they can make us disappear. The little one was called Marker, which I take to be the same as "Mark C.," and he trotted out a plan which mightn't have been so everlastingly pleasant if I hadn't heard it. You know the queer you got from Crawford?"

"Yes."

"Well, he allowed that he could get you copped to rights as a conyaicker, and as you wouldn't be expecting anything, and the queer would be found in your ricks, it would be as good as a dead tumble."

"But the queer ain't there, so that horse won't trot."

"He seemed to kinder think such might be the case, for he hinted that in case that didn't work he'd have us sent up the river on suspicion of murder, and that's the very d—d identical spot where the iniquity lies. We hain't no friends, as he very tearfully observed, and the chances are we won't have much character. If hard swearing and sharp working will take the tricks, the game's theirs."

"We'll just turn up jack from the bottom, then, and travel out for to-day. Give us a clear run till to-morrow night, and he may go to blazes."

"Marker's a hard one. He gave the other man—whose name he didn't mention—a cursing because he wouldn't have the girl's throat cut at once. He said he lost his conscience about four years ago, when he came from California."

"It's pretty near pecking time, Bob, and as soon as that's over we had better travel. We'll give Mart the wink, and then let Marker swing out his ace as soon as he chooses. He can't win the game."

"All right, Dick, but play careful. There's unsartainty in keards."

After breakfast, a short confab with Springer, and a settlement with the landlord, the two started out on the contemplated walk. They left word with Raikes that he need not expect them back for a day or two, and it was their intention to procure their meals at a restaurant. Not well knowing what to do, yet feeling the necessity for moving, the two strolled carelessly about without paying much attention as to where they were going. At length, as they turned a corner, a newly-posted hand-bill attracted their attention, and Dick, impelled by lack of other employment, stopped to read it. And very soothing he found it:—

"$500 REWARD.—The above-mentioned reward will be paid, by the city of Muscatine for the arrest and conviction of the men who were concerned in the murder of Peter Smith, on the 14th day of May. Said persons were travelling under the names of Richard King and Robt. Sterner, and are supposed to have gone to New Orleans, as they purchased tickets for that place."

Then followed an accurate description of their persons; and the whole was signed by the Mayor of Muscatine, or at least his name was appended to it.

"That's it," said Bob, quite coolly, as Dick finished. "Now then, can we hold a hoss?"

"Hardly tell yet, Robert. Better wait till towards evening before we try to answer that question. I know this much, that we're in for lots of trouble if any enterprising members of the police force choose to kick up a bobery. I hardly know what to be at till night. It won't do to loaf at Raikes', and it won't do to be trotting round the city with such an advertisement staring us in the face; we can't go to work on our business till night, so we *must* find something to keep us out of mischief till that time."

"Don't know what to say, unless to go out of the city."

"And what shall we do out of the city?"

"That's the question. Let's look around a little and see."

So they began to look around to see.

Meanwhile John Raikes' saloon was blessed with visitors. Some half dozen men made their appearance shortly after the disappearance of King Dick, and made inquiries for that interesting individual. Nor were they satisfied with the assurances given by the landlord that he was not on the premises. A thorough search must be made, and the whole house overhauled before it became plainly evident that the bird for which they were searching had flown. Disappointed, at length the majority strolled away to make their report at headquarters, whilst two of them took up their abode in the bar-room, all ready to put the salt on their tails so soon as the birds should turn up.

But if the myrmidons of the law were not able to track their game, so was not Mark C., or Marker, as we shall henceforth call him. From the time when our two heroes emerged from the house and started on their walk, a vigilant watch had been kept on their movements. From a low groggery which stood on the opposite side of the street, a man had started up and kept following close on their trail. Nor were his movements at all likely to awaken suspicion. He was not, in his appearance, different from any other gentleman of leisure of his own station in society. In fact, he was the very beau ideal of a loafer. His coat was flung carelessly over his arm, and as for a vest, he was vestless. A red flannel shirt, with a broad, rolling collar of the same material, gave him a flashy look, and the broad brimmed hat did not go very far to remove the look. Assiduously puffing at a long cigar, he quietly wended his way up the street, keeping about half a block behind the small party which had just stepped out of Raikes'.

When King Dick paused to read the hand bill, he so far gained on them as to arrive at the spot just as they left it. He, too, gave a glance at it—then, appearing to be interested, perused it through from beginning to end. Again red shirt walked on, occasionally nodding as he met persons whom he knew, and a friend happening along, he thenceforth had a companion.

Bob Sterner proposed to have a drink. King assented, and they descended a pair of stairs which led into a drinking saloon. A very ragged looking youth came alongside of the man who was following; to him a few words were whispered, and then Red Shirt with his friend also entered the cellar, whilst "Rags" rapidly cantered up the street.

"Mind yer eye, now," said the gentleman of leisure. "Be most mighty careful if you don't want to get straightened out. Don't make a fuss till we have to, for he's h— on the muscle."

"Dry up, will yer, culley. Don't yer suppose I can keep a hotel? You and I could cut 'em inter flinders if we should only let out."

"Don't make a d—— jackass of yerself. That's something that looks so d—ly green. Marker knows you and he knows me, and he knows we're sound pups on goose eggs, but he says we can't shine there, so be a little more decent, and when you don't hold a hand, don't try bluffing or stealing—it won't pay. Mind now, Chaff's the word, and let fighting alone."

King Dick and Bob Sterner were drinking as the two came in.

"Hollo Tom," said a lounger. "Where were you last night! You ought to have been around, for we had a busting time down to Bob Moore's."

"Yes, Tommy, I was'nt there. I went to see Sal last night, and could'nt get away. What are you going to drink?"

"Whiskey, of course. Did yer hear of the row down at the theatre last night? They say Grimson got his house took down pretty badly."

"Heard something about it; give us particulars."

"There ain't many to give, as I knows on. He and a couple of his pals got into a muss with a feller about a woman, and then some one else mixed in. Ben got a stiffner on the jaw, and his pals were stretched so stiff they didn't feel like fighting; the stranger went off in a hack. Ben's around this morning with his head tied up, looking for the man that struck Billy Paterson. Curse him, he's been looking for that man for five years and when he found him he got more than he bargained for. If he gets hold of him to day, the fur'l fly in some direction."

"Yes, by h— it will fly," resounded in a coarse, loud voice, as from one of the stalls came Ben Grimson himself.

"I thought you'd gone Ben," remarked the lounger; but Grimson paid no attention to him, only striding across the room towards where King Dick had located himself.

A bright gleam of satisfaction shot out from the eye of "Red Shirt," as the prospect for a muss increased. Just what he wanted was turning up, without his being immediately concerned. "Go in Ben!" he shouted. 'Show him a touch of New Orleans, old cock!"

"Yes, sir-ee, the fur's going to fly," reiterated Grimson, pulling off his coat.

"The d—l it is," coolly ejaculated King Dick; but Frightened Bob looked serious.

"You hit me last night, young man, and I'm going to hit you this morning; so tell us where to bury yer carcase before it begins."

"Never mind the carcase, only wade in while you have the chance. I'm going to give you precisely one minute and a half, and if I ain't licked in that time, *I'll lick you.*"

In King Dick's single handed encounters there was a striking similarity. Always the same good natured smile on his face, always the same quick eye in his head, he played the safe game; fooled with his antagonist as long as he felt like it, then went in and polished him off in his own inimitable style. With the highest degree of courage, he had perfection of science, and strength of muscle, more than one could possibly expect to meet with in so small a frame. How carelessly he shifted out of reach of Ben's left handers, and how neatly he stopped a straight right hander!

"Stand back, gentlemen," urged Bob, as the few persons in the room pushed closer to the combatants; and they stood back. Though immeasurably superior to his antagonist in science, yet how King Dick was to whip him was a question as yet unanswered about the time the minute and a half was up. "Now you'll catch it!" muttered Bob between his teeth, as his friend suddenly changed his position to one better calculated for offensive movements. Crack, crack, fell the blows on the face of Ben; and his return, too slowly given, fell on the air; and as he drew back his arm, another blow took him on the bridge of the nose. A rush forward was met by a straight left hander on the eye, and another shot on the nose. Recovering himself once more, he went in; but Dick ducked under his arm, and quickly rising, swung his shoulder round and his body forwards, as he planted a "shot-lick" on his favorite spot, the corner of the jaw.

It had the usual effect, too, for Grimson's supporters went together, jack-knife fashion, and he gave a great pitch forward, falling with his face to the floor.

A steady tramp, tramp on the pavement, a pause, and half a dozen policemen came down the steps. The hero of the red shirt listened for a moment, heard the sound, and with one clip tumbled over King Dick. In justice to our friend it must be said that the blow was struck from behind, so that he had no opportunity to guard against it; also, that Bob immediately, and in an off hand manner, smashed the giver with a retaliatory blow. The police swarmed into the cellar; fists against locusts was no go. Frighty Bob got his conk cracked, and when he came to, he found himself just being assisted into a hack, wherein was already deposited his friend and fellow traveller. By a dexterous twist, he slipped softly on to the ground, thus gaining time to rub up his faculties and brighten up his rather confused intellect.

"Look out, boys! this cove seems to be coming round."

"He's all right. I hit him a clip hard enough to put him to sleep for a month. Just chuck him in."

"He lifts most cursed heavy. Perhaps I'd better give him another to limber him up."

"No, no, it we kill him they can't convict him; and if they can't convict him, may be they'll make a fuss about paying the reward."

While this very Christian talk was going on, Bob was making up his mind that he would sooner go to Muscatine on somebody else's account than that of the State of Louisiana, wondering how it all happened, and cursing a lump, somewhere between the size of a pumpkin and a piece of chalk, that was apparently jumping right out of the top of his head. "As soon as that swarm of bees that's rushing around in my conk gets settled, I'm going to make a break," thought Bob.

"All with a will, and altogether," facetiously remarked one of the stars, as they got together to heave Bob into the hack.

"Altogether, gentlemen!" shouted he in response, as laying his hands on a brace of shoulders, he swung his feet up, and with a flying leap cleared the top of the hack, and alighted in the street. A crowd of fifty, which was gathered on the sidewalk, burst into loud "guffaws" at this sudden disappearance, and the stars made frantic efforts to rush through the crowd. Before they got started, Bob was streaking along on the other side of the block, making better time than a quarter horse on the last twenty yards. About the time the coppers turned the second corner, each and every one made it his especial business to enquire who was left with the other prisoner; and every one mentally answered—"Nary a soul."

"Gentlemen," said Dick, as he emerged from the coach, with a revolver in his hand—"Gentlemen, it's my opinion that those cops 'can't hold a hoss.'"

CHAPTER VII.

ONE FOR HIS HEELS.

A Soliloquy in which Past Incidents are Slightly Referred to—A Brace of Pistols and a Reminiscence of California—"A Word With You"—An Eccentric Policeman—Under the Pump—An Exchange of Addresses—Tony Hare's—Solitaire—Bob's Yarn—'Red Shirt's" Quietus—Over the Dray—Down by the Wharf—A Bottle of Whiskey, a Deck of Cards, and the Beg nning of a Game, etc., etc.

Christopher Marker sat alone in his room, with a segar in his mouth, a file of papers scattered on the table before him, and a decanter of brandy rising in their centre like a pyramid in the desert, or a lighthouse by the sea shore. A half empty glass was held abstractedly in his hand, and his eyes were fixed on a painting hung on the opposite wall.

It was a grim looking picture, dimmed somewhat by age, but still of rare faithfulness. It represented Cain killing Abel, and the staring, blood-shotten eyes of the murdered man fixed so affrightedly on Cain; the hair, thick and clotted with the blood from the first blow; the expression of intense agony told in the curl of the mouth; the contour of the face stared boldly out from the canvass, rendered all the more distinct and more frightful from the dimness of the rest. Strange that that face alone should preserve its color when all the rest had faded. Strange, too, that Marker had chosen that picture of all others to ornament his room.

"Yes," he mused, as he sat there, "there you hang as you have hung for a year. There you are, with your mad, wild face, just as you looked some four years back. The same old thing that I picked up at a sale, only the one countenance cleared off a little, and a new frame put round the old picture. He who painted you must have made a lucky hit; or was he a reader of the future, and did he paint in the old fable the deed that was to come a hundred years afterwards? Who knows? Not I. A chance arrow sometimes hits the mark, and once in a million times the random shot brings down the stag. It's devilishly like him; and that black-faced Cain, if you stretch a point, might make a likeness too. Curse it! what did I get the thing for?"

If you "stretched a point," the other face was a likeness. It was one of those strangely mysterious faces that are sometimes met with, which resemble every one, and which you could swear belonged to at least half a dozen distinct individuals. Frightened Bob, if he had seen it, might have qualified to it that it was King Dick, and Jem Weston would have taken his oath that it was Jack Williamson; any one could pick out some friend of whom he considered it a portrait; and others could immediately trace a strong, a very strong resemblance to Marker.

"That's the whole story, illustrated with cuts—though the cuts weren't so nice to look at. Who prates of conscience, and who says that to kill a man is to kill himself? I don't, and I ought to know. Here am I now, with that face looking down on me whenever I sit here—do I mind it? Not a bit of it. He was meddlesome—she was false; he tried to interfere with what he had no business with, and I *put him out of the road.* They say 'murder will out.' When will that come out; and when it does, what will be done? Pshaw! What d——d weak nerves some men must have. There's Mayfield, now, that's a thorough-paced villain, trying to swindle everyone—even his own flesh and blood, who stole, forged, drank, and gambled himself into a respectable position in the community, who hasn't got soul enough to cover a pinhead, and isn't afraid to go into the biggest kind of thieving; he turns sick at thinking of red blood and cold steel. I've heard him swear fifty times that the 'twist of the wrist was quicker than the eyesight;' but when the trial comes his philosophy fails him.

"It's cussed strange how people will change. Seven years ago if a man had marked out what I would be to-day, I would have told him he lied. Take it one way, there's been a big tumble. Everything going right, and I a useful member of the community. Then the gold fever breaks out, and I must take a hand in the game. I played it well, too, and I made money, and had the wherewithal to keep myself as nature meant I should be kept—as a gentleman. Twenty thousand dollars—if I had been contented with that I shouldn't be what I am now. But that wasn't enough; so I went on and put twenty thousand more to that. No matter how I did it, it was there, and back I came; not so very bad, only roughened up a bit, and the gilding knocked of the corners. H—ll! but wasn't there the d——l to pay when I came back? I might have lived well enough, let old tricks alone, retired on books and a country farm, if fate would have let me; but no, that wasn't my luck. I've had a close chase of it, and when I reached out my hand for happiness, fate stepped up and knocked me down. I had my revenge, and work has kept me from falling back on myself; but the more I try for the solid ground the deeper I get into the mire. Here's this last affair of Mayfield's. If it hadn't been that it would hurt the man I hate, I would have seen him in the brimstone pit before I would have mixed in. What do I want with twenty thousand dollars? Let him shove through his own rascalities, I have enough work of my own to attend to. Now it's commenced, I'm bound to see it through, however. I thought there would be plenty of cursing and lots of tears, but instead of that there's two men that can follow Chris. Marker all the way from New York to New Orleans, beat him at his own game, run him into all sorts of difficulties; and those two, men that I hate, and men that I've sworn to wipe out. They beat me in New York, and got ahead of me in St. Louis; following close behind, they come out ahead on the river, and here in New Orleans I've been taken down twice. How the d——l did I miss him when I had a fair shot at him on the doorstep that night? Chris. Marker, you'd better hurry up and settle up accounts, or in the end you may have to mizzle out without your ledger squashed. D——n King Dick!"

The person thus emphatically blessed was just about that time sauntering along a rather obscure and immensely dirty street, wondering where he should find Bob, and at the same time expressing to himself, for the first time, doubts as to the ultimate success of his mission.

Marker was ready to move heaven and earth to accomplish his own ends; and to a keenness of perception, added a large amount of influence and power. So mixed did things begin to look, that King Dick actually began to get over his intense aversion to asking the assistance of the police, and was almost ready to turn the thing into their own hands. There were several reasons why this should not be done.

First—He was not exactly the kind of a person who could claim the assistance with much prospect of receiving it. It did not appear very probable that the complaint of a man who, having been arrested, had lately escaped out of their hands, would be received with credulity. On the contrary, the chances were that they would prefer to start him off for Muscatine, so that they might finger that $500 reward.

Second—He had no proof—excepting his opinion—that Florence had been abducted. She might have gone off of her own accord, and that doubt would quash all proceedings.

Third—She was in the hands of her only living relative; he was uncertain whether or not she was of age; if she was not, then might not this uncle be her legal guardian.

"No, no. I'll let the department alone, and play the thing through by myself. Marker shall come to grief, and Lorrimer shall see again his lady-love."

A hand tapped him slightly on the shoulder, and some one remarked in a gently-insinuating tone of voice:—"Excuse me, but can I have a few words of private conversation with you?"

The owner of the bland voice, from his dress, was evidently a policeman. A very gentlemanly-looking man, not more than two-or-three-and-thirty, with a sort of benevolent look about him, held back the arm of King Dick, whose first impulse, upon being thus accosted, was to throw out his right, and then travel out of the neighborhood. Restraining himself, therefore, he answered:

"Certainly."

"We'll walk along together, then, for I have some business a few blocks further down; and we can talk as we go."

"Exactly."

The policeman seemed to have some trouble in commencing his communication, and some seconds elapsed before he produced from his pocket one of the bills, such as have already been described, and showed it to our hero.

"I believe you are one of the persons named in this paper?"

"Probably," answered Dick, glancing all round, and again wondering whether it would not be better to drop the "star," *sans ceremonie.*

"It appears to me that there is some sort of mystery in this thing—something that I don't understand, and which you could explain?"

As this was interrogatively spoken, King Dick responded:

"Perhaps—"

"You don't seem to care to trust me, and you may be right; at the same time, I am a little curious to get at it, and prefer to hear your version of the story. Do you know who had these bills posted?"

"Maybe," monosylabically returned our hero.

"You might as well give me your confidence. Because I am on the police force, is no reason why I am not to be trusted. I am a little suspicious, you see. I received a letter last night from a friend in Muscatine.

who knows the place well enough, and who knows me. He would have put me up to a job if there had been anything like a chance for one; but he never mentions it. The department has not received any intimation of the place itself, and some how or other I thought I recognized the bill poster as a person who had been living for some time in New Orleans. Putting this and that together, as well as one or two other little incidents, the consequence was that I arrived at a conclusion—"

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. HODGSON.—Jackson, the American Deer, was defeated in several races while he was in this country, but we presume they were "according to order," and part and parcel of "those little arrangements" made for the "convenience" of a few knowing ones. The Deerfoot races, in England, are being carried out, we have no doubt, on the same plan. Somebody over there will fall very heavily before the Indian takes his departure.

G. W., Baltimore.—1. The male is larger and more full breasted than the female; you can very soon discover, however, by watching their actions when together. 2. We believe him to be "on the square." He says if you have claims against his estate, by sending your full name to him, they will be settled, if on investigation your statement is found to be correct.

R. S., St. Louis.—According to the rules of the Prize Ring a man is considered down when he has one knee and one hand on the ground, or both knees on the ground; and a blow delivered while an opponent is in such a position, is foul; providing that when in such position the man so down shall not himself strike or attempt to strike.

TOM, Philadelphia.—*Forty-Fives.*—The player holding the ace of hearts, if he has no other trump, must play it when the five or Jack of trumps is lead. When the ace of hearts is lead, all players having trumps must play one, except the knave or five, which they may withhold or "renig."

W. F., N. Y.—D having thrown sixteen, and C betting that he could *beat* D's throw, he (C) would have to throw seventeen to win. Consequently, as C threw but sixteen, a tie merely and not a beat, he (C) lost.

CONSTANT READER.—In both instances the money is divided between the two players who effected the euchre.

RED EYE, Philadelphia.—John Gulley, when he defeated Gregson, became entitled to the championship, but he declined the office, which therefore descended to Tom Cribb. Gulley was elected to Parliament.

O., Chicago.—We have not learned that Miss Menken has yet succeeded in gaining the suit for divorce she has entered against Heenan. Items in that line may generally be found in our theatrical record.

W. CROSBY, Cincinnatti.—1. Edwin Forrest had a brother named William, who was also an actor; but he has been dead a number of years. 2. When last we heard of the lady she was in California, but not performing.

PHŒNIX, Montreal.—We have the name and address of the writer of the article, and have had every reason to believe it correct. You give us no name. Which of the two is deserving of credence?

CLIPPER, N. Y.—The "feline" having weighed twenty pounds and over, A won, B's excuse being a mere subterfuge to escape payment of the bet, that "won't wash."

CHARLES DE L., New York.—Your challenge states "any day in November" and as that month has expired, it is needless to publish it.

G. B. W., Detroit, Mich.—Yours of the 25th ult. came to hand too late to be considered news, the ground being fully covered in our last issue.

J. Q. B., Bellefontaine, O.—We know of no work treating exclusively on their treatment, but any good work on Zoology will enlighten you sufficiently.

BALTIMORE.—W. Thompson alias Bendigo beat Tom Paddock for £200 a side, 49 rounds, in 59 minutes, foul blow, at Mildenhall, June 5, 1850.

WM. S. M., Cambridge, Mass.—1. Address Dr. Winship, Roxbury, Mass. 2. Paper sent.

PRIZE STORY, Binghamton.—We can send you what numbers we have, at the usual price, four cents per copy.

G. W. L., New York.—The point for Jack when turned up, is taken at once, consequently, as A was six, he won the game.

A. H. G., Dunleith, Ill.—We respectfully refer you to our advertising columns.

LE GUAY, Me.—Our general theatrical summary will give you all the information we may at any time have.

OTIS, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Your "budget" was anticipated, as you will observe elsewhere.

G. E. M., Lockport, N. Y.—He is now performing at the Canterbury Music Hall, in this city.

TOM CRIBB, Baltimore.—The Aaron Jones referred to is the same man who seconded Heenan in his fight with Morrissey.

C. D. D.—Where both players are within two each of going out, low, Jack, takes precedence of high game.

W. H. S., West Lodi.—Your term of subscription expires with No. 35, Vol 9.

G. P. C.—Only such as are recognized by the constitution as natural born citizens are eligible to the office.

T. L. F., Milwaukee.—Thank you. We really can't say positively where they are now.

M. M. L., Manchester, N. H.—Not at present, we believe.

MOZART, St. John's N. B.—Your attention is appreciated.

SUBSCRIBER, Albany, N. Y.—We may possibly do so, in due time.

A MERICUS, N. Y.—He was at Indianapolis, Ind., last week.

"HO! WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT.—With sure and steady strides the vast and complicated machinery of the Federal Government is being engineered through the rebel States, and the grand army of the Union is "marching on." The soil of South Carolina, where treason and rebellion had its birth, is once more trodden by freemen, and the dastard traitors of Charleston are cowering beneath the guns of loyal men sent there by the Union. Georgia, another of the rebel States, finds her soil again pressed by the feet of the Northmen, and Savannah quakes and trembles in fear of the coming man. Virginia which has been used by South Carolina, begins to realize her true position, and is gradually shaking off those influences which have brought her almost to the verge of destruction. Kentucky follows in the wake of Maryland and St. Louis, and prefers to take her chances in the Union, rather than violate her agreement with her sister States, and run to ruin out of it. Everywhere, day is breaking, and with it the Confederate States are breaking also. Ere Christmas dawns upon us, we look for a decisive battle between the two armies on the Potomac, and a great triumph for the cause of the Union.

DEVOTE ONE DAY TO THE CAUSE OF YOUR COUNTRY.—On Tuesday, December 3d, an election takes place in this city for Mayor and other officers. We do not generally take part in politics, but in war times every man is expected to speak out. We now wish to have our say. We believe Fernando Wood to be in the interest of the rebel cause, and every vote cast for him is one vote against the Union. Let our friends ponder well before voting for Wood for Mayor. While thousands of our sporting friends are fighting as patriots for the perpetuity of our glorious republican institutions, let it not be said that those who remain at home assisted in putting a rebel into office in a loyal city. Think of it well, friends. If Wood is elected by your votes, you assist in putting a bullet into the heart of your friend in the army, for Wood's cause is antagonistic to the Union, and those who are fighting for its preservation. Nail the stars and stripes to the mast, and on election day go into the battle determined to defeat Wood and his co-conspirators. If New York is loyal, let her citizens proclaim it to the world by the defeat of Fernando Wood.

RATHER DULL.—Sporting matters throughout the country continue very dull, and will probably remain so as long as the war lasts. A large number of sporting men are doing their country good service in the Union army, and this will account, in a measure, for the depressed state of sporting matters. Everything has its day. We have had several lively sporting seasons, and now we must be content to bide our time for a renewal of out-door sports and pastimes. In the army, we learn, the playing of foot ball and other games are increasing among the soldiers, and the result is beginning to manifest itself in an improvement in the health of those participating in the sport. Let the practice of such games be encouraged.

THE "WHAT IS-IT" PROFESSOR.—This nondescript of a reporter seems to have been sadly put out of humor at the mention we made of him in our last. Poor fellow. He is to be pitied, notwithstanding his sponging propensities. Cannot Barnum give the "Professor" a situation to attend upon the hippopotamus? Let him think upon it.

THE BOSTON BILLIARD CHAMPION.

As will be brought to mind, reports of two or three matches have appeared in the CLIPPER, played between William Goldthwaite and David Pulsifer, the former discounting the latter, and giving him "what Paddy gave the drum." Because of these successes with Pulsifer and others, he is considered, and we presume, correctly, the Champion of Boston, as he is said to have defeated all the prominent players there, some of them at large odds, even as much as double discount. Having become "monarch of all he surveys" in the billiard world of the modern Athens, his friends are looking beyond the borders thereof, into and among the adjacent villages, for a competitor worthy of measuring cues with him, and their eyes have fallen in admiration, but not enviously, we believe, on a rising young player of the "village" of Gotham, Dudley Kavanagh by name, as one meet to meet him. We agree with them in this matter, and think that a match between them would be replete with interest, could it be satisfactorily brought about, which appears likely to be the case, as the Boston *Herald*, quoting our remarks in a recent issue, in reference to a gentleman from Boston offering to back Goldthwaite for $100 a game, for 500 games, adds, that "*if Mr. Kavanagh's friends mean business, and he is willing to discount Goldthwaite, he can have an opportunity at any time, as we are authorized to state, and there will be no backing out on Goldthwaite's part.*" That is a brave, manly, and above board statement, and is entitled to respectful attention, but it would have been something more explicit, if the particular game—that is, whether carom alone, or full game—had been mentioned; but as most matches now-a-days are played at the carom game, we presume that is the one intended, because games played on pocket tables may be and often are won through scratching, and are correctly deemed "hazard"ous by proficients; neither do they result in giving a just estimate of the relative abilities of the contending parties. Furthermore, to discount a first-class player's full game, such as as Goldthwaite is said to be, would indeed be a mammoth undertaking—such as few billiard players would care, we think, to undertake. However, Kavanagh, judging from his challenge published by us last week, is anxious for a brush, and, we doubt not, will treat in a liberal spirit any well-founded offers, which, if responded to in like manner, may possibly lead to Kavanagh and Goldthwaite being matched. "So mote it be." The above-named journal publishes a biography of the young aspirant for billiard honors, which we here reproduce, as being of interest in this connection, in enabling the reader to approximately estimate his skill.

"Wm. Goldthwaite will be 20 years old on the 12th of Feb'y next. He was born in Littleton, N. H. He first saw a billiard table four years ago last July, in Rutland, Vt., where he was soon after employed in a billiard hall, and remained two years. He then went to Troy, and was employed in a hall there three months, when he came to Boston and remained 7 months. He returned to Troy and stayed till June last, when he was engaged by Dr. Allen at Branch Hall, and has since been in his employ. No Boston player can compete with him, even at the odds of a discount, and we have seen him double discount many local champions successfully. The greatest run he ever made is 324, at the carom game. A day or two since, at the full game, he run 506, and then slipped up on a simple shot. He has a faculty of bringing the balls together, and of "nursing" them, possessed by few if any players. His late opponent, David Pulsifer, of New York, but formerly of Boston, was a good player ten years ago, as many of our old players can testify. We know of no Bostonian who can play him even. Both parties, in their last match, made many brilliant shots, seeming surer of difficult ones than of simple caroms, as is apt to be the case with good players."

The above are good recommendations indeed, and from these we predict a successful career with the cue and ivories for Goldthwaite. In the mean time, let a match be made between him and our New York prodigy, Kavanagh, so that we may be enabled, the more correctly and definitely, to place him in his right position in the ranks of the many other billiard stars.

TIEMAN VS DEERY.—The billiard match between these knights of the cue, the result of which we published in our last, played in Cincinnati on the 21st ult., does not appear to have settled the question as to their respective abilities, at least on the part of Deery and his friends, who are ready, we are informed, to make another match for $1000 or $5000 a side, on the same conditions, excepting that they wish it to be played in private, to which we presume Mr. Tieman will accede; therefore the second match may be considered as next to made, providing there is no further hitch in fixing the preliminaries. In the match just concluded, it will be borne in mind that Tieman beat Deery almost two to one, which the latter attributes, partially to his bad and Tieman's good luck, and partially to playing in public, which, we suppose, affected his nervous system. The play on the occasion fell short of what was expected so far as quality is concerned, but few long runs being made, as will be observed by a glance at the annexed table:—

	Tieman.		Deery.			Tieman.		Deery	
Shot.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Shot.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
1..	0	0	0	0	53..	105	715	0	325
2..	3	3	0	0	54..	16	731	2	327
3..	33	35	11	11	55..	2	733	3	330
4..	6	41	0	11	56..	0	733	0	330
5..	0	41	0	11	57..	0	733	12	342
6..	14	55	0	11	58..	64	797	27	369
7..	0	55	2	13	59..	0	797	13	382
8..	0	55	11	24	60..	15	812	0	382
9..	23	78	0	24	61..	0	812	0	382
10..	15	93	0	24	62..	0	812	0	382
11..	3	96	6	30	63..	5	817	0	382
12..	8	104	0	30	64..	9	826	0	382
13..	8	112	0	30	65..	45	871	0	382
14..	32	144	8	38	66..	40	911	0	382
15..	0	144	0	38	67..	2	913	2	384
16..	17	161	0	38	68..	12	925	7	391
17..	8	169	11	49	69..	2	927	0	391
18..	61	230	0	49	70..	4	931	0	391
19..	0	230	3	52	71..	4	935	0	391
20..	9	239	0	52	72..	7	942	2	393
21..	0	239	0	52	73..	28	970	14	407
22..	0	239	2	54	74..	23	993	7	414
23..	7	246	0	54	75..	3	996	27	441
24..	18	264	2	56	76..	14	1010	0	441
25..	0	264	10	66	77..	11	1021	18	459
26..	13	277	41	107	78..	9	1030	0	459
27..	3	280	13	120	79..	17	1047	29	488
28..	11	291	0	120	80..	0	1047	11	499
29..	0	291	12	132	81..	0	1047	2	501
30..	0	291	33	165	82..	8	1055	0	501
31..	10	301	2	167	83..	2	1057	4	505
32..	0	301	17	184	84..	3	1060	16	521
33..	0	301	13	197	85..	21	1081	0	521
34..	2	303	7	204	86..	0	1081	2	523
35..	13	316	2	206	87..	0	1081	2	525
36..	11	327	8	214	88..	0	1081	0	525
37..	12	339	0	214	89..	0	1081	0	525
38..	32	371	8	222	90..	0	1081	0	525
39..	22	393	0	222	91..	0	1081	0	525
40..	0	393	0	222	92..	0	1081	3	528
41..	0	393	19	241	93..	5	1086	0	528
42..	97	490	54	295	94..	0	1086	0	528
43..	31	521	0	295	95..	3	1089	3	531
44..	0	521	0	295	96..	3	1092	8	539
45..	32	553	8	303	97..	23	1115	16	555
46..	2	555	3	306	98..	7	1122	15	570
47..	19	574	2	308	99..	2	1124	6	576
48..	21	595	8	316	100..	6	1130	13	589
49..	0	595	3	319	101..	3	1133	0	589
50..	0	595	4	323	102..	0	1133	24	613
51..	11	606	2	325	103..	91	1224	..	...
52..	3	609	0	325					

The above are the actual and legitimate counts made by the players, the remainder required to make up the total being the result of misses and pockets on the losing score, Tieman being the most liberal in that way.

AQUATICS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—We observe, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, that several important sculling matches are about to, or rather, have taken place, on the Tyne and Thames, although their result has not yet reached us. The first and most important was to take place on the Thames between G. Drewitt and J. Makinney, on the usual course, from Putney to Mortlake, for £50 a side, on Nov. 19. The second, on the 23d, on the Tyne, between Thos. Clasper and Wm. Scott, for £25 a side. The third, on the 25th, between Wilson and Matlin, at the same place and for a like amount. The fourth, on the 27th, over the same course as the first for £50 a side, between Court and Williams. Lovers of aquatic sport on "t'other side," are looking forward to these with considerable interest. We might express the hope that the competition here manifested, will bring out some good man to have a bout with our American champion, Ward, at an early day, for the championship of the world, which at one time appeared so near being consumated, but which fell through in consequence of the British representative backing out.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.—This is the title of a beautiful love story, that comes to us in the shape of a neat and attractive book. Price 25 cents. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and Fred. A. Brady, 24 Ann street, New York.

MACE AND HEENAN.—We hear nothing further concerning Mace's trip to America. The *Sporting Life*, which originated the story, has kept silent upon the subject ever since. The rumor seems to be on a par with the report that Mace was anxious to fight Heenan, and for any amount, and when the chance was offered him, he refused to toe the scratch. Come, come, gents, no bounce. That is unworthy of the London Prize Ring, and still less worthy of the Champion of England. If Mace fears to meet Heenan, as his conduct seems to indicate, let him say so like a man, and he will be thought the more of, than if he attempts to hold a position by mere subterfuge.

A HOAX.—A paragraph has been going the rounds, stating that a prize fight was to take place near Coburg, C. W., between two boxers of Albany, N. Y. A correspondent writing from thence, says that no such fight has taken place there, or is likely to. This is on a par with the Sayers and Mace hoax recently exposed by us, and may, without liability to err, be attributed to the same source. Is it not a pity, that "lies well told" are becoming so much the rage with would-be sporting papers?

SUSPICIOUS.—We have noticed of late, that several prominent officers in our army have thrown up their commissions because they could not have everything their own way. Now this sort of patriotism is of a bogus order, and those who practice it had better be out of the army than in it. A true patriot is he who stands by his flag through weal and woe; not he who makes some paltry excuse for resigning, rather than face the cannon's mouth. Out upon such pinchbeck Generals.

BOYS, if you love your country and its institutions, turn out in your might to-day, and assist in preventing the re-election of Fernando Wood to the Mayoralty. Jeff Davis might as well be in the chair as Wood, for both are rebels at heart, though the former has the manliness to avow it openly, while the latter skulks behind his marked batteries, popping away at the Union as every favorable opportunity presents itself.

ANCIENT NEWSPAPERS.—Mr. J. Pemberton has succeeded in securing copies of old newspapers published as far back as 1728, and up to 1813, containing articles by Benj. Franklin and others in reference to the revolution. He proposes to publish fac-similes of them, semi-monthly. They will be found very interesting. We have a sample copy of the first issue lieing on our desk, which is well executed.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF IRELAND.—A foot race for the championship of Ireland, came off on November 11, for the result of which we refer to the report in our foreign department.

THE RING.

A MERRY MILL IN THE NEW YORK DISTRICT,

BETWEEN

YOUNG DORSEY AND YOUNG COLLIWOOD.

On Monday morning, the 2d inst., at quite an early hour, a small and select party of the admirers of fistic science made tracks for a snug spot on Long Island, to witness the set to between Michael Dorsey and Richard Holliwood, for $25 a side, catch weight. Dorsey is a snugly built little fellow, hailing from Philadelphia, and weighs about 115 lbs. when in fighting trim, while Holliwood is about the same weight, with a slight advantage in reach, which caused him to be rather the favorite previous to the battle. At about 6¼ A. M.; both lads stripped and entered the ring of men, ropes and stakes being dispensed with, in full confidence of success, and went to work right merrily for the first few rounds without much advantage on either side, but presently Dorsey proved too much for his opponent, getting in his left and right quick and strong on to Holliwood's figure head, the blows descending like hot shot, until he was compelled to cry hold! enough? Dorsey proving victor in 32 rounds, and 55 minutes. Holliwood's caput was pretty well painted up, while his more fortunate opponent exhibited but few marks of punishment. A party of police tried to keep on their track, but were easily eluded, the battle being fought near by Calvary Cemetry without molestation. Dorsey was seconded by Kit Burns and Jimmy Donovan, while Holliwood was politely waited on by Johnny Lazarus and Johnny Roach. Jimmy the Butcher consented to fill the post of referee, after that office had been declined by Harry Gribben. The money will be handed over to Dorsey at Bill Clarke's, 189 Laurens street, on Tuesday evening 3d inst. The affair proved to be a nice bit of sport to the boys, who enjoyed it amazingly, the winning party returning home considerably elated with their success.

A MERRY MILL IN NEW BRUNSWICK,

FOR $400,

BETWEEN JACOB TURNER AND JOHN GEARY.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The fight between the above named men, which has been pending for some time, it was intended should have been fought on the 26th ult., but the friends of both parties deemed it expedient that it should come off at an earlier date to avoid interference on the part of the authorities, consequently, Thursday, Nov. 21, was the day fixed upon for its decision, the locality selected for the encounter being near Rothsay, N. B., the sum invested, exclusive of betting, being $200 a side.

The ring was pitched about 11 o'clock A. M., on as fine a piece of turf as could be imagined, so much so that the choice of corners, which was won by Turner, was a mere matter of form. Gearey was the first to shy his castor into the ring at about 12 o'clock; he was quickly followed by Turner, attended by his seconds, Joe Smith and a friend, while Mike Leavitt and Barney Brennan did the needful for Gearey.

Jacob, *alias* Jack Turner, was born in London in the year 1839, and his first appearance in the P. R. was in England, with Johnny Moran for $50 a side, whom he defeated in 18 rounds, 27 minutes. His next appearance was with the game Andy Gidlow, whom he fought on an island in Boston harbor, for 2 hours 20 minutes, 85 rounds. This fight was drawn, both men being blind. His height is 5 feet 6½ inches, and his fighting weight 130 lbs., though on this occasion he fought at 138 lbs. His condition was not good, owing to his having to train himself.

John Gearey was also born about the year 1839; his height was about 5 feet 10 inches, and his weight 158 lbs. He had never before appeared in the P. R., but his friends knowing him to be a scientific boxer, together with his possessing greater reach, strength, and weight, induced them to back him against Turner. His colors were black, and Turner's red, white and blue. Gearey's condition was most excellent, and his muscles were better developed than his opponent. He was trained by Mike Leavitt.

The usual preliminaries having been duly attended to, the men approached one another to commence

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On the men placing themselves in position, it was evident that Geary stood well over his opponent, and that his condition was far superior and his muscles better developed. Both appeared eager to get to work. After a little manœuvring, Geary got the desired opening, and led off on Turner's nose, receiving, in return, on the mark; both countered prettily, Turner receiving on the jaw, and went down. First knock down claimed for Geary, but not allowed.

2 Turner came up smiling, and walked to Geary's corner. Geary led off with his left, neatly stopped by Turner, who then nailed him on the proboscis with his left; sharp exchanges, Turner on the body and Geary on the head. Turner down. (Cheers for Geary, and offers to lay 5 to 4 on him.)

3 Time being called, blood was seen trickling down Turner's back, from a cut received in the previous round from Geary's spikes. First blood for Geary. Turner appeared eager to work, feinted with his left, and landed a tremendous blow with his right on the ribs. Geary rallied, and, in return, planted a snifter over Turner's eye, sending him to grass. First knock down for Geary.

4. A rally, and the men closed, Turner catching Geary round the neck, and pegged merrily away with his right. Geary, in the meantime, was not idle, but delivered some severe blows left and right on Turner's body. In this round, Geary received very heavy punishment about the ribs. It was ended by both going to grass.

5. Turner went straight to his man and fought him in his corner; caught him a heavy blow on the smeller, drawing the home brewed in abundance, receiving, in return, a right hander on the breast. In the end, Geary was down. (Cheers for Turner. Betting, 2 to 1 on him; no takers.)

6. Geary slow to time, and weak from the heavy body blows received in the previous rounds, led off with his left, but out of distance, receiving heavily on the mark in return; he went down to avoid punishment.

7 and last. Turner eager to get to work led off with his left on the nose and right on the body, the latter a regular rasper, knocking Geary into his corner, where he sat on his second's knee. There was no appeal to the referee, and as it was obvious he had not the ghost of a chance of winning, his seconds threw up the sponge. Turner was hailed the winner, and left the ring with hardly a scratch; the fight lasting only 9 minutes.

Before Turner left the Ring he challenged Mike Leavitt, but the latter refused at the time, but said he would fight him for money. Turner says he will fight Mike Leavitt for $500 a side at 130 lbs., man and money ready at any time.

Geary attributes his losing the fight to the injury sustained to his left hand from its contact with Turner's nut in the third round, but it was evident to all that he had not sufficient "physique" to successfully contend with such a hard bit of stuff as his opponent. His friends say that he should have made a longer fight of it, although he was unquestionably hit hard about the ribs and body, and his hand injured, still he had two good eyes and was as strong on his pins as ever.

JOHN WOODS IN CINCINNATI.—A correspondent sends us the following account of a sparring exhibition which took place at Cincinnati on Nov. 27th, for John Wood's benefit. He says:—"FRIEND QUEER—The lovers of the manly art of self-defence had a grand treat on the occasion of John Wood's benefit on Saturday night last. John has been sojourning in this city for a short time, and has gained himself a good name here, by his respectful and unassuming manners. McCoole, the victor of Tom Jennings, of New Orleans, promised to wind up with the *beneficiare*, but was unavoidably absent; his place was, however, admirably filled by the worthy host, the renowned Johnny Mackey, whose sallies of wit and humor, as the master of ceremonies elicited roars of laughter. Every one seemed anxious to give the New Yorker a helping hand, consequently there was no lack of sparrers. The first set-to was between Johnny Loudon and a sable candidate for fistic honors; but our colored friend soon found himself deficient in war tactics, and consequently, soon found himself *hors du combat* before the accomplished Johnny, who, by-the bye, is one of the most attentive and gentlemanly barkeepers we ever met. He officiates for the worthy host, and well does he acquit himself. The next bout was between Tom Bradley, of old Kentuck, and an amateur from New York. The Kentuckian was considerably on the rush, the amateur would not have it and contented himself by tapping the Southerner's frontispiece repeatedly, but it was of no use, the Kentuckian was bound to go in, and go in he did. A good rally took place—give and take was the order of the day. New York lost none of its merits, and the set-to was concluded amidst great applause. The next who put in an appearance was Tom Brown, of Cincinnati, and Sullivan, of New York—no relative of the illustrious dead, but not unworthy of the name. This set-to was characterised by good hitting, stopping, and getting away; and altogether, it was a first rate match, both parties being deservedly applauded. Then came the little wonder, Billy Clarke, and Jimmy Kane. Jimmy, though somewhat taller, and having much longer arms, has yet much to learn before he can successfully compete with the renowned hobby. He is a graceful sparrer, and will, without doubt, some day make his mark. This was another splendid set-to, and elicited tremendous cheers. Tommy Ryan and Johnny Loudon were then introduced to the magic circle. The capabilities of Johnny were then brought to a test, Tommy being quite at home with the mufflers. In this set-to, the art of self defence was splendidly illustrated. There was no flinching, give and take was all the go, and the round terminated with a shower of compliments on the combatants, and right well were they deserved. After the enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, and after repeated calls, Billy Clarke, accompanied by little Dublin Joe, once more made his appearance, which was the signal for a burst of applause. Billy, it seems, has been laying on his oars for some time, being unable to get a match in this part of the country. This time Billy got a good partner, Joe being a remarkably clever sparrer and a good tactician. This set-to was really splendid, but Billy still maintained his prestige, and in the estimation of all present is a nonpareil. After a few minor bouts, which were in each case well worth seeing, came the *beneficiare*, in fighting costume, accompanied by the accomplished Johnny Mackey. This was the signal for a burst of applause, which must have been gratifying to both parties. On nearing the scratch, the immense size of Wood over his opponent was apparent, but Johnny, nothing daunted, and probably accustomed to big 'uns, caught Woods a pretty tap on his mouthpiece. This seemed to be a sort of eye opener for the Big 'un, who really spars well for a man of his size, who then let go his left, but was cleverly stopped, and after a display of science which we were surprised to see from Woods, the set-to concluded, with a perfect ovation to both parties. With no disparagement to Woods, "or any other man," we think Johnny Mackey to be one of the best, if not *the* best scienced man of the day. After sundry visitations to his well stocked bar, we left, well pleased with our evening's entertainment. I almost forgot to add, that a splendid cockpit has been erected on the premises by some sporting men of Louisville, where a main of cocks will be fought on Tuesday next, of which, if agreeable, I will keep you posted. Yours, JUNIUS.

THE LATE BOAT RACE IN BOSTON.—In reference to the boat race between the Hickory and Quickstep, briefly reported in our last, as having occurred on the 21st ult., a correspondent sends us further particulars, which are as follows:—

"The contest between the Quickstep and the Hickory, originated in a discussion between the partisans of the two boats about the regatta on the 4th of July last, the Hickory men claiming that if their boat had not been a lapstreak the Quickstep could not have beaten her. This was denied by the backers of the latter, who offered to allow twenty seconds for the difference in boats, and pull a three mile race for $100 a side, which after some talk was accepted. Owing to there being but a day or two for practice, the men were in no condition whatever, which with the water being very rough, accounts for the bad time that was made. The first appearance of the Hickory was on the 4th of July last, when she was badly beaten. The Quickstep however has been in several races. On the 17th of June, 1859, they pulled their old lapstreak in the four-oared race against the James Riley; the Riley made the distance (two miles) in 15.53, the Quickstep being next in 16:22. On the 4th of July following, they were beaten by the Tiger, pulled by four of the old Robert Emmet crew in a three mile race; the Tiger taking the first prize in 20:53, (the best four-oared lapstreak time ever made,) the Quickstep the second in 21:01.

In 1859 Reed of Charleston built them a shell four oar, which they have pulled in the following races. On July 4th, '60, in the race for six and four-oared boats, there were four entered, viz:—Harvard six oars, and James Riley, Union, and Quickstep all fours; the first named boat allowing the others 33 seconds for the three miles. At the start, the Harvard and Union immediately left the rest of the fleet, and side by side struggled for the lead, first one and then the other having a slight advantage, until they had pulled over a mile, when the Union striking against a buoy, broke an outrigger, which incapacitated her from continuing the race. The Quickstep was unfortunate, their No. 2 having broken his oar, when they were some distance in advance of the Riley, and by the time they could obtain another, their positions were so much reversed, that notwithstanding their exertions, they were unable to catch their rival. They came in as follows:—Harvard—18:53, James Riley—21:10, Quickstep—21:16. In the race at Worcester on the 24th of July, we again find the Quickstep's name among the six and four-oars, the distance and allowance being the same as on the 4th. This race is remarkable on account of the extraordinary time made by the 'Gersh Banker," and the continued ill luck of the Unions, their stroke breaking his oar at the stake, which did not prevent them pulling in with the three remaining, and making very good time. Summary:—Gersh Banker 18:37; Yale 19:10; Union 19 41: Quickstep 21:52. There next appearance was at the celebrated city regatta, long to be remembered from the fact of so many New York boats participating in it. It occurred July 4th '61. The following is a summary of the four-oared race:—dist. 3 miles. Stranger, 20:07; Geo. J. Brown, 20:16; Quickstep, 20:43. In this race a most decided improvement was noticed on the part of the Quickstep men in their style of rowing, compared with the year before. This is an account of their doings up to the present race, and it may be remarked, that although they never won a first prize, yet they always occupied a good position at the finish, and their pluck and perseverance in pursueing boating under such circumstances, is highly commendable. The morning of the 21st was cold and disagreeable; the boats were called into line at 1:30, and at the word "go" started off with that spirit that promised a close race, the Hickory with a slight advantage; the Quickstep, however, soon took the lead, which they kept the rest of the way; the former boat gained on the last half mile but not enough to come within their allowance, the Quickstep crossing the line in 26.00, their opponents following in 26:32, being beaten 12 seconds. In this race the Hickory men were evidently overmatched, notwithstanding which there is talk of another race between them. Yours, AMATEUR.

WASHINGTON SKATING CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.—We are pleased to learn that several right minded individuals, in regard to winter pastimes in our sister city, Brooklyn, have taken measures towards the permanent establishment of a skating club in their midst; therefore, we cheerfully give record in our columns, to the following items in relation to the organization:—

A meeting was held November 19th, 1861, at Gilmore's Hotel, Fifth avenue and Sixth street, South Brooklyn, for the purpose of organizing a Skating Club. Mr. O. F. Oatman was called to the chair, and Mr. H. G. Dwenger appointed Secretary. Mr. Oatman stated the object of the meeting, when an election for officers of the proposed Club was held, with the following result:—O. F. Oatman, president; James A. Van Brunt, D. Millard Talmadge, Theo. Polhemus, Jr., F. Q. Tucker, L. Harrington, D. B. Babcock, S. H. Debevoise, T. Van Pelt Talmadge, B. H. Thompson, W. A. Fritze, John L. Spader, Edwin C. Litchfield, John A. Tucker, H. D. Polhemus, and H. G. Dwenger, Vice-Presidents; W. B. Cronger, Secretary; E. W. Ballinge, Assistant Secretary; and John Gelston, Treasurer.

It was unanimously agreed to call the association "The Washington Skating Club, of Brooklyn." Committees were appointed to report articles of association, also a badge to be worn by members. The meeting then adjourned until Friday, November 22d, at 8 o'clock P. M., at the same place.

In accordance with the above, a very full meeting was held on the 22d, and being called to order by the President, the minutes of the previous meeting were read, articles of Association presented and adopted, also rules and regulations. On motion it was resolved to increase the number of Vice Presidents to twenty-five, and the following gentlemen were elected:—E. D. Hulburt, J. H. Brundage, Pond Worth, L. O. Richardson, F. P. Bunker, J. Dunham, Dr. George Cochrane, H. Gahagan, Wm. Litchfield.

On motion, it was unanimously agreed that the members' subscription should be three dollars; those between ten and fifteen years, one dollar; children under ten years, free. Due notice will be given where membership and badges can be obtained.

The President then reported on the cost of fencing, &c., and a Committee was appointed with full power to do all that was necessary towards raising the water of the pond, fencing it, and putting the club house in order. The work will be pushed forward with all despatch.

The grounds under control of the Club are confined within the limits of 4th and 5th avenues and 3d and 6th streets, South Brooklyn. The old 1699 house, commonly called Washington's Headquarters, has been kindly lent to the Club by the owner, Mr. B. C. Litchfield, and will be fitted up plainly but comfortably as a Club House. The pond will be enclosed by a high picket fence, and will be for the exclusive use of members and their friends. Ladies will be admitted free by tickets bearing the endorsement of a member, and this ticket will admit the holder during the season.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the London Sporting Life.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Nov. 18.—Sam Popkins and Fred Walker—£5 a side, at catch-weight, Home circuit.
23.—Dan Lomas and Tom Kelly—£50, at 10st8lb Manchester.
25.—Posh Price and Pemberton's Novice—£20 a side, Birmingham.
Dec. 10.—Bos Lyler and Bob Travers—Catch weight, £100 a side, London.
16.—Morris Phelan and Harry Allen—£25 a side, at 9st 3lb, Birmingham.
11.—Jeremiah Driscol and James Bull—£5 a side, at catch-weight, Home circuit.
11.—Joe Goss and Brettle's Novice—£100 a side, at catch-weight, Home circuit.
17.—Mickey Gannon and Jesse Hatton—£25 a side, open for £50 a side, at catch weight, Home Circuit.
23.—Young Holden and Charley Lynch—£25 a side, at 8st, Home circuit.
26.—The Brick Lad and Malkin, of Sheffield—£15 a side, at 8st 4lb, Sheffield.
31.—Bob Brettle and Jack Rooke—£200 a side, London.
31.—G. Harding and L. Dimmock—£20 a side, at 7st 2lb, Birmingham.

1862.

Jan. 21.—Cook and Fellows—£10 a side, at 8st 10lb, Birmingham.
—Mace and King—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt.
Feb. —Nobby Hall, of Birmingham, and C Wilkinson, of the Potteries—£50 a side, at 9st 4lb, Midland Counties.
April 1.—Dan Thomas and Joe Nolan—£200 a side, at 8st 10lb, Home circuit.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Jem Mace and Tom King—£400 and the Belt.—The last deposit of £15 a side, has been made with the final stakeholder, and another of the same amount was to be staked on Friday, Nov. 29.

Bob Brettle and Jack Rooke—£200 a side, at 10st 2lb.—Another deposit of £12 a side for this interesting match has been staked, and the next of the same amount was to be made on Friday, Nov. 22.

Sharp Mill in the Metropolitan District.—On the morning of Nov. 15th, a merry mill took place near London, between a couple of working men, for a small amount of money and the settlement of an old grievance. The combatants were M. Mahoney, who was about 11st in weight, and James Reilly, about 10st 7lb. They were seconded by a couple of friends. Neither man exhibited much science, but showed indomitable courage. Mahoney took the lead, gaining first blood in the first round, the knock down in the second, and finally the battle, after five severe rounds had been fought in thirty-four minutes. Both men were severely punished. The betting on both sides was very heavy.

T. Bedford (Ingram's Novice) and Collins (Room's Novice), for £20.—On Tuesday, Nov. 12th, T. Bedford and Collins met near Birmingham, to fight for £10 a side, Bedford to be 9st, and Collins, 9st 4lb. The weighing took place on Monday, when both were found to be well within their respective weights. A quiet spot having been found, no time was lost in getting the men together. Collins was seconded by Joe Wareham and Samuel Gibbons; Jem Hodgkiss and Ben Garrington doing the needful for Bedford. They fought equally until the third round. Bedford drew first blood; in the fifth he cross-countered Collins, and knocked him down. After this, there was a change took place, as Collins administered severe punishment to Bedford, who was knocked out of time in the fifteenth round, which lasted fifty minutes.

YOUNG BROOME'S BENEFIT.

The benefit announced to take place for Young Broome, in consequence of his defeat in the late gallant contest with Tom King, the aspirant for the championship, took place on Monday night, Nov. 11, at the Rotunda Theatre, London. There was a fair average attendance, and the sets-to were of a class much above the average, every competitor on the occasion having evidently made up his mind to do his best. There were several absentees from the programme, but the principal delinquent was Broome's antagonist, Young King, who had most faithfully promised to attend, but failed to keep his promise, he, instead, serving his own turn at Liverpool. Job Cobley, Tom Tyler, J. Grant, &c., were present to spar, but could not meet worthy antagonists. Tyler had come five miles on the express purpose to spar with Young Shaw, according to the programme. Billy Duncan was the master of the ceremonies, and, as usual, carried the arrangements out to the letter. Soon after eight P. M., the evening's amusement began with the M. C. introducing W. Turner (the Wychwood Forester) and Jones (the Slashing Butcher) to the audience, who were much pleased with the four determined rounds which they contended, and all of which were somewhat in favor of the Forester. Young Hackett and Bull were the next brace who showed, and had five merry bouts, which were in Hackett's favor, as he knocked Bull down in the second round with a cross counter with the right. Bull, nothing daunted, stuck to Hackett to the utmost of his ability, but Hackett's superior strength enabled him to have the best, as in the last round, he fought Bull down. Hawkes (who fought Gilham) and Young Baldock, had a rattling set-to of five rounds, in which give and take was the order of the performance. After several "warm 'uns" had been administered, in the second round Baldock got his right fairly on to Hawkes' forehead, staggering him to the footlights, Billy Duncan after him. The next two rounds were contended with equal spirit, and they finished the bout with a good two-handed rally, amidst the cheers of the spectators. The next pair, Young Jones (who fought Gollagher) and Drew, had four rattling rounds in which they thumped each other merrily, and Jones was much admired for the cleverness he showed in slipping away from punishment. They finished with a close, in which Drew got Jones' head in chancery, after which they shook hands, amidst the plaudits of all. C. Sewell and Dorley had three average rounds, each showing very good tactics, and they wound up with some good counters and a rally. The Brothers Hawkes had four rounds, during which they showed brotherly affection, by clouting each other merrily. Jem Mace's Black (the Wolf) and Lennard were next introduced by Duncan. During the first round, the Darkie, who showed great improvement on his old form, did almost as he chose with Lennard, and offers to back the Gorilla at 2 to 1 were freely offered round the establishment. The next three were carried out in the same style, with the exception that Lennard appeared to wake up, and tried the great efforts of which he was capable, to get at the "big 'un," but without avail, and they finished the fourth round with a good rally. The sturdy Mike Larkins and Young Smith, were the next who donned the mittens, and a merry set-to was the result, which lasted three rounds, during which the "compeers" of Larkins conjured Mike to knock Smith down. Billy Duncan then introduced the accomplished Young Lead and Denny Sullivan, who had the felicity of having a bout of seven rounds' duration, in which Master Lead took no end of liberties with the frontispiece and middle portion of Denny's corpus; landing his left with impunity at every attempt, as well as getting cleverly away from Denny's viciously intended right. The last round was a regular give and take, in which the little one had much the best, and at the close, the M C had almost to resort to violence to take the mitters away. Nat Langham's Black Diamond and the Veteran Smith had three very good bouts, during which the straight deliveries of Smith's left, as well as his stopping, was much applauded, while the attempts of the Darkie to plant his left were equally successful in meeting the approbation of the lookers on. A good rally was the conclusion of the round and spar. The M.C. next brought on Young Concklin, who is matched to fight Jem Dillon, for £50, and Henley, who fought Joe Nolan, and they were soon at loggerheads, fighting during the three rounds they were together most determinedly, and finally losing their temper, which George Brown, who had the management of Concklin, perceiving, stopped his man, who stepped forward and informed the audience of the reason of his stopping, notwithstanding Henley having called him a coward. Alec Keene and George Brown were the next pair, and were received with great applause. They had a couple of bouts at light play, which wound up with some very good and clever exchanges in a smart rally. Jones and Dove, two smart lads, had three rounds of give and take punching, in which Jack was as good as his master, until the weight began to tell, when Dove had a little the best. Stebbings and Callaghan had two rounds, which were in favor of Callaghan, who was by far the most active, and they wound up with some good counter hitting. Mickey Gannon, who is matched with Jesse Hatton for £50, and Joe Nolan, who is matched with Dan Thomas for £400, wound up the sports of the evening with a couple of scientific rounds, during which they were much applauded. Young Broome then stepped forward, and returned thanks for the support that was afforded him, and, at the same time, apologised for the absence of King, who, he stated, had faithfully promised to attend, and it was not until he (Broome) had seen an announcement of his being in the provinces that he even dreamed to the contrary. He only wished that it had been his good fortune to have proved victorious, and then he would have been only too happy to attend for his (King's) benefit, even a hundred miles away. The company left the Rotunda in a most happy frame of mind, notwithstanding the absence of some of the toppers, each and all admitting that the boxing had been the very best they ever witnessed. The M C. ship was fulfilled to the letter, and all the other arrangements were complete to add to the comfort and convenience of the spectators.

Game and Determined Mill between Jacket Taylor, *alias* Wakerup, and Young Fowler.—These lads met on Saturday, Nov. 9, at Ardwick, near Manchester, for a couple a side, to settle their little affair, which arose between them a few weeks since, and after fighting one hour and seven minutes, during which fifty-three rounds were fought, being one of the best fights ever witnessed between two young ones, terminating in Taylor's victory, Fowler striking him when down.

PEDESTRIANISM.

EXCITING CONTEST FOR THE SIX-MILES CHAMPION'S BELT

BETWEEN

E. MILLS AND J. BRIGHTON.

On Monday, Nov. 11, the grounds at Hackney Wick were visited by nearly 2,000 persons, many of them belonging to the upper circles, each and all anxious to witness the race between the above named celebrities. More interest than usual was attached to the contest, from the fact of Mills being the only conqueror of Deerfoot, in a level race, and also that at Sheffield, Brighton defeated Mills by a couple of yards in a one-mile race, after one of the finest finishes between them and Stapleton ever seen. The race was set for half-past three o'clock. The spectators had not long to wait for sport, for, in addition to the race for the championship, a minor affair of two miles, for £5 a side, between Wilson and Andrews, was arranged to come off prior to the great go. At a quarter past three they came to the mark, and were soon despatched on their journey. The race is soon described, for, although Wilson took the lead once on sufferance, Andrews, for the remainder of the distance, made the running, and despite the exertions of Wilson, won, after a good race, by two yards, Wilson being so distressed at the finish as to require assistance from the ground. Time, 10 min. 37 sec. Now came the champions, and expectation was on tip-toe to witness the start, which took place a few minutes before four o'clock. To complete the distance they had to traverse the ground forty-one times. W. Price started them, and on getting the signal, away they bounded, Mills at once dashing ahead, and cutting out the running at a terrific pace, leading the way by about a yard, Brighton lying at his quarters. Thus they ran for the first lap; but on breasting the hill the second time, Brighton, like a flash of lightning, went past Mills, and carried on the running at an increased pace until rising the hill in the next lap, when Young England again assumed the premiership, and, at the same rattling rate, showed the way until entering the straight run to complete the sixth lap, when the Norwich hero, by a fine spurt, came to the fore, and finished that lap a yard ahead. This advantage he maintained to the end of the first mile, which was done in 4 min. 44 sec. Rounding the Pagoda turn in the next lap, Mills again passed his man, and forced the running for the next lap. Here Brighton put on another spurt, went to the fore, and, at a merry pace, bounded along, amidst the cheers of the spectators. Thus they progressed until passing the embankment side of the course. In the ninth lap Mills once more led the way, but only for a lap, when the Mill-boy would not be denied, and resumed the lead, which he held until going up the hill in the twelfth lap. Here little Teddy, determined to do or die, put the steam on, and at really a killing pace, swept round the top bend, entering the straight five or six yards ahead, and finishing the lap ten yards ahead. All this while the cheers and shouts of the assembled crowds were most enthusiastic, and incited the competitors to redouble their efforts. Young England, who seemed to have taken fresh wind, went steaming away in front, gradually increasing his lead, and when the second mile had been completed, which was run in 9 min. 52 sec, Brighton was about thirty yards in the rear, and it was apparent that Mills had got the race in hand. While racing the third mile, Mills eased the high-pressure movement a little, finding he could break from his opponent when required, and, owing to this, Brighton was enabled to diminish the gap considerably, being, in fact, on the finish of the third mile, which was done in 15 min. 28 sec, not more than a couple of yards in the rear. In the third lap, this being the commencement of the fourth mile, Brighton, although evidently suffering from the effects of the pace, once more made a tremendous effort and came to the front, and, to the delight of his partisans, held the lead throughout the succeeding lap, but on entering the twenty-fourth round, Mills again passed his man in splendid style, and, putting on one of his peculiar spurts, was soon showing the way by ten or a dozen yards. It was now evident that something was amiss with Brighton, who was laboring heavily in the rear, though in a most indomitable manner struggling on for victory; but this time he was doomed to defeat, for, on coming round the top bend, in the twenty sixth lap, he reeled, and fell into the arms of Harry Reed, who happened to be standing at that point, utterly exhausted, and stated that, from the severe pace at which Mills took him off, he had been suffering from a severe stitch in the side from the commencement of the second mile. This left Young England to finish at leisure, but he kept on the even tenor of his way at a scarcely diminished speed, doing the four miles in 20 min. 45 sec, thus gaining another victory, and still maintaining his title to the Six Miles Champion Belt. The following is the time of the first four miles:—

	M. S.		M. S.
1st mile	4 4	3d mile	15 22
2d do	9 52	4th do	20 45

GREAT TEN MILE RACE,

BETWEEN DEERFOOT, MILES, AND BRIGHTON.

The sporting residents of Portsmouth and its vicinity, being anxious to witness the prowess of the famous Indian in a race with some of our best men, put their shoulders to the wheel, and their hands in their pockets, and subscribed a purse of £25, to which Mr F. Baker, the proprietor of the East Hants Cricket Ground, added £25, and announced that it would be open for competition to Deerfoot, and any other good man who might enter against him. This was taken up by Mills (Young England), the Six-Mile Champion; J. Brighton, of Norwich, the Four-Mile Champion; and H. Howard, of Brighton, a local celebrity; and Wednesday, Nov. 13 was the day fixed for the event to take place, but from an early hour in the morning the rain descended in torrents, consequently the race could not be run. Mr. Baker had bills printed and distributed about the town, and also sent round the crier, giving notice that the race would be postponed until the next day, Tourasday. The weather was all that could be desired, although the wind was blowing a gale. This race, from the time of its being made, has caused much excitement, and has been the chief topic of conversation at all the sporting houses. Mr. Baker had made every arrangement commensurate with the occasion, and from the fact of the East Hants Grounds lying on a gravelly soil, and draining very quickly, it was in much better condition than could have been expected from the deluge of rain that had fallen the previous day and night. The course, which was five times round to the mile, was surrounded by hurdles, so that the spectators were all excluded from the centre, thus giving every one an opportunity of witnessing the race from end to end. The race was set for three o'clock, but long before that hour thousands were to be seen wending their way there, and by half-past two o'clock there were upwards of two thousand persons on the ground, which number was increased during the afternoon to between five or six thousand. George Martin, punctual to the time named, conducted Deerfoot from the tent to the starting mark; he was directly followed by Young England and Brighton. Howard, from some unexplained motive, not starting, although on the ground; but we should imagine that, with him, discretion was the better part of valor, being well aware that the men he would have to meet were a long way above his calibre. To complete the distance the men had to traverse the ground fifty times. The referee being appointed, the word "go" was given, and the men dashed off, Deerfoot taking the lead by two yards; Brighton second; Mills about the same distance behind the latter. They ran in this order for two laps, when commencing the third, Brighton, followed by Mills, ran past the Indian, and in a few more strides Young England went to the fore, and led the way at an increased pace, finishing that lap twenty yards ahead; the Indian two yards in the rear of Brighton. In the two succeeding laps, Mills gradually increased his lead, and at the finish of the first mile, which was completed in 4 min 59¼ sec, was thirty yards ahead, the other two running within a couple of yards of each other, having passed one another several times, but at the end of the first mile the Indian was second. Going on for the second mile, Mills was evidently bent on stalling them off and amidst the cheers of the spectators increased his lead at each lap. During this time some fine spurts being put on by the other pair, each trying his utmost to cut the other down, racing by themselves, the Little Wonder steaming on ahead and finished the tenth lap, or two miles, with forty yards to the good, in 10 min. 16¼ sec. Starting for the third mile, Brighton screwed himself together, passed the redskin, and started off in pursuit of little Teddy; but all to no purpose, for during the running of this mile he steadily gained ground each stride, and completed the fifteenth lap, or three miles, eighty yards ahead, the Indian leading Brighton by about five yards. The child of the prairie was thought to be a "gone coon" by all the spectators, but he now began to warm to his work, and, in a succession of fine spurts, made up twenty yards of his lost ground. During the succeeding laps, these spurts of Deerfoot's were gallantly answered by Brighton; and, at the end of the twentieth lap, or four miles, the Indian was not more than twelve yards behind the leader, Brighton lying close up. In running the twenty-first lap, the Norwich hero ran into the second place, and in this order two more laps were paced over. Near the finish of the twenty-third lap, Brighton, amidst the loud plaudits of the lookers-on, passed the gallant little Mills, and for the first time showed in front, running in his peculiar, gliding, easy style. In another hundred yards the Indian also passed Mills, going on second, about two yards behind Brighton. At the beginning of the twenty-fourth lap, Mills, amidst a scene of the utmost excitement, spurted ahead, and for some two hundred yards, led the way by six yards; but the others, gallantly sticking to their work, soon closed with him, and in the next lap Teddy once more resumed the premiership, and gallantly led the way past the post for five miles by two yards, in 27min. 3sec. In the two next laps some bursts were made by all, each leading alternately, and the interest evinced by all the lookers on was great in the extreme, and the shouts that arose from them, as they cheered their particular fancy, were deafening. Soon after commencing the twenty-ninth lap, Red Jacket took a decided lead, Mills lying second, Brighton not more than two yards behind him, and in this order they ran for about 300 yards; but half way round the thirtieth lap, Mills rushed to the front, carried on the running to the end of that lap, passing the post six yards ahead. Six miles in 32min 40sec, Brighton second; Deerfoot evidently biding his time, covering the ground with his long, lopping stride, the heavy state of the ground seeming to take but very little effect on him. Brighton now again came to the front, and led for a lap, "Prairie Bird" going on second, and it was plainly to be seen that each was anxiously feeling the pace of the other. The Indian now came out with one of his terrific bursts, came to Brighton's shoulder and challenged him for the lead in racing for which little Teddy, who was taking a pull at himself, was left a dozen yards in the rear; but this deficiency he made up in the next lap, and for 300 yards they were all running in a rock, and it seemed anybody's race; first one led a yard and then another, until, within ten yards of the finish of the seventh mile, the "dark 'un" shot out and passed the post first by a couple of yards, in 38min 15sec.; the other two shoulder to shoulder. For the next two laps the race was very interesting, all three running in a cluster, but on commencing the thirty eighth lap, Deerfoot, in a spurt, dashed ten yards ahead, and thus completed the lap; but no sooner had they entered upon the next, than Mills again went to the fore, and in the fortieth lap Brighton ran into the second place, and in this order of running was the fortieth lap, or eight miles, completed (time, 44 min 1 sec.) the spectators, in raptures at the closeness of the contest, and loudly proclaiming their satisfaction. During the forty-first lap Deerfoot, bent on cutting his opponents down, went ahead, Mills following him and for the next two laps forced the running at such a pace as to leave Brighton twenty yards in the rear at the end of the forty-third lap. In the next lap, Mills spurted ahead at an accelerated pace, Deerfoot running in his tracks. All through the next lap, these two raced for the lead, which was obtained by the Indian, who finished it two yards in front, Brighton laboring along hopelessly in the back ground. All through the next, they ran side by side, but, within ten yards of the finish of it, Deerfoot came out, and finished the ninth mile two yards ahead, in 49 min 40 sec, Brighton 70 or 80 yards behind. From this point of the race the struggle between the two was severe in the extreme, first one holding the lead and then the other, but never by more than two yards. At the end of the forty-eighth lap, Brighton ran to a stand still, gave up much exhausted, and was led off the course by Howard. From the commencement of the forty ninth lap the contest was most exciting, and the enthusiasm of the spectators reached the highest pitch. The Indian still held the lead, but by not more than half a yard, and at every dozen strides or so, the "little 'un" warep uthet Indian's shoulder, and as each shout and cheer arose, they seemed to answer by redoubled efforts. Beginning the last lap, Deerfoot made a bound, and led the way by a couple of yards, but ere twenty yards further had been run, Mills was again close up, and, as stride succeeded stride, the cries were, "Mills wins!" "no Deerfoot!" "no, Mills!" but half way round the last lap, the superior strength and stride of the Indian told, and gradually, but surely, he crept away from his "tiny" antagonist, and, despite the exertions of Mills, the Indian passed the post ten yards ahead, thus adding another to his victories over the pale faces.

The following is the time of each mile, and can be relied on as accurate. The slowness of the race is to be attributed to the heaviness of the course, which was on turf. The Indian's time for the first four miles was anything but first-rate. This proves what we have so often remarked with respect to his running, that a short distance does not suit him. He, however, when he warmed to his work, gained considerably on his opponents, and his superior staying powers were apparent after eight miles had been traversed, while the effect of the gradually improving pace and the badness of the going, militated very much against the others.

TIME.

	Deerfoot.		Mills.		Brighton.	
First mile	5min 04½sec		4min 59½sec		5min 5½sec	
Second mile	10	26	10	16½	10	27
Third mile	15	50	15	53	15	57
Fourth mile	21	32	21	30	21	33
Fifth mile	27	03½	27	06	27	03½
Sixth mile	32	41½	32	40	32	41½
Seventh mile	38	15	38	15½	38	15½
Eighth mile	44	01½	44	01	44	01½
Ninth mile	49	49	49	49½	49	56
Tenth mile	55	15	55	16½		

Deerfoot and Barker.—These men have drawn up articles to run ten miles, for £25 a side and the Champion's cup, which Deerfoot now holds. To take place on Monday, November 25, between the hours of two and three o'clock. The whole of the money is in the hands of the stakeholder. *Sporting Life.*

Great Foot Race for the Championship of Ireland.—The race for the Championship of Ireland and a Challenge Cup, given some time back by Mr. John Leveti, has excited very considerable interest in Ireland, and gave rise to considerable speculation, Mr. Green, the holder of the cup (who runs under an *alias*), being the favorite. The sports of the day, Monday, Nov. 11, commenced at three o'clock, with a half mile race for a cup, for which three gentlemen, Mr. Dunne, Mr. J. Heaviside, and Mr. Sullivan, sported silk. At the report of a pistol they went away well together, but Dunne soon went to the fore, with Heaviside at his heels, Sullivan gradually dropping away to the rear for the length of a lap, and then "cut it." At this point Heaviside shot to the fore, Dunne running at his heels round another lap, when he also gave up, and left Heaviside to win as he pleased. Time, 2 min. 19 secs.

The next event was a three mile walking match for a cup, which was contested by Private Smith, of the 60th Rifles, Mr. Fennell, and Mr. Hore. Fennell and Smith went away shoulder to shoulder, Hore (appearing stiff at starting) going on a couple of yards behind; Smith soon shot to the front, when Hore, passing Fennell, collared Smith, and soon passed him, but his lead was of short duration, for the Rifleman put on a fine spurt and soon took a long lead; Hore going on next, and Fennell behind for a couple of laps, when Hore dropped to the rear, and left Fennell going on about ten yards in the rear of Smith for two more laps, when he began to drop further behind, and left the soldier to increase his lead all the rest of the journey, and win by forty yards. Hore persevered to the end, and finished 100 yards in the rear of the winner. Time, 27 min. 16 sec.

The next race was 600 yards, by youths, for a cup, for which five started; won by Hunt. Time, 1 min. 25 sec.

The competitors for the one mile championship now emerged from the tent, and were quickly despatched by Mr. Drinkwater. Mr J. E. Heaviside having a slight advantage, and going on, with Mr. Green close in his track, to the fifth lap (six laps and a few yards completing the mile), when Green put on a tremendous spurt, and ran up to Heaviside's shoulder, but the latter instantly shook him off, and ran home a gallant winner by thirty yards. Time, 4 min. 57 sec. There was a very fair attendance of the better class of visitors, but the weather, although fine, was very cold, and the wind, blowing a whole gale all the previous night in Dublin, was still very high.

CRICKET.

Great Cricket in England.—The game of Cricket there is elevated almost to a science, and in the season of 1861 it would appear that they have knocked spots out of the ball beyond all precedent, for certainly we never saw or heard of the like, notwithstanding the many brilliant things that have been done and chronicled in former years. Look at the big figures that have been scored there in "side" and "individual" innings, the former of 300 and upwards, the latter of 100 and upwards:—

THE GREAT MATCH INNINGS OF 1861.

*Cambridge Long Vacation Club, v The Town	450
Orientals, v Westminster School	416
County of Middlesex, v M C C and G	398
Gentlemen of Surrey, v Midland Counties	385
Balliol College, Oxford, v Corpus Christi	374
Eton Collegians, v Knickerbockers	374
M C C and Ground, v Hampshire	373
Players of England, v the Gentlemen	358
Zingari, v Staffordshire Hunt	347
Worthing, v Brighton	343
Moderns, Cheltenham College, v Classics	352
Gentlemen of Sussex, v Orientals	351
Players of Kent, v Gentlemen	348
Addington, v Warlingham	347
Etcheras, v Tunbridge School	335
Balliol College, Oxford, v Oriel	333
Christ Church College, Cambridge, v Caius	331
Cambridgeshire, v Surrey	329
Cambridgeshire v Surrey	325
Cambridge University, v Gentlemen of Cambridgeshire	323
Surrey, v The North	320
Past Rossal School, v Present	318
Sixteen Oxford University, v United Eleven	314
"The Eleven," Marlboro' College, v Common Room	311
Cholmely School, v St Paul's	311
Christ Church College, Cambridge, v Royston	308
Christ Church College, Oxford (only 3 wkts down,) v Oriel	306
Cambridge Long Vacation Past, v Present	306
All-England Eleven, v Twenty-two, Walsall	305
Western Club, Manchester, v Liverpool Club	303
First Eleven, King's School, Sherborne, v Twenty two	302

* These 460 runs were scored in four and a half hours, or at the rate of "100 runs per hour." "Phew!" warm work this.

THE HIGHEST INDIVIDUAL INNINGS IN 1861.

Name.	Match played in.	Innings
F W Wright	Past v Present, Rossall School	198
A Bateman	Cambridge Long Vacation v Town	169
G Bennett	Gentlemen v Players, Kent	160
Rev E T Drake, I Z v Staffordshire Hunt		152
A H Mitchell	Eton v Old Etonians	145
A C Stewart	Military match, at Windsor	154
J T Athawes	Newport Pagnell v Apsley	138
H Price	11 v 22 King's St, Sherborne	134
H Reade	University v St Johns, Oxford	132
C G Plumer	Gentlemen of Sussex v Orientals	131
G H Eaton	Western v Birkenhead	131
E B Fawcett	Brighton v Brunswick	129
W Mudie, of Surrey	Braxted Park v Colchester Camp	127
J J Mallaby	Exeter v Wadham, Oxford	127
H W Hoare	Etonians v Knickerbockers	127
Reed	Eastbourne v Town Malling	126
B Cooper	Rugby School v Sixth Form	125
C C Williams	Pembroke v Oriel, Oxford	123
S C Voules	Marlborough College v Mr M's eleven, (not out)	122
J Perkins	Christ College v Royston, Cambridge	121
E Grace	Lansdown v Frenchley	121
F G Inge	First eleven v next nine, &c., Oxford University	119
E Grace	Clifton v Lansdown, (not out)	119
S H Belcher	Clifton v Lansdown	117
F G Inge	Gentlemen v Players, Oxford	116
C Dyer	Blackheath v Dartford	116
T A Raynes	Gentlemen of Surrey v Midland Counties	116
Robt'd Daft	All England Eleven v Twenty two, Walsall	114
A W Daniell	University v Inexpressible (?) Cambridge	114
J D Burnet	Balliol v Corpus, Oxford	114
R S Bagge	B B v Shorncliffe and Dover Garrison	114
E T Daubeny	Magdalen v Perambulator (not out)	114
R D Walker	Southgate v Upton	113
T Hayward	Surrey v Cambridgeshire	112
Julius Cæsar	Surrey v Cambridgeshire	111
F Everett	In v Out Students, R A C	111
Rev — Lacock	Grayshurst v Apsley Guise (not out)	111
E B Fawcett	Brighton v Lancing College	109
J Bolton	Western v Liverpool	109
T Hayward	Surrey v Cambridgeshire	108
Hon E Stanhope	Christ Church v Oriel, Oxford	108
W S Norton	Pershurst v Town Malling	107
S O Risdale	Tunbridge Wells v Druids	107
R Carpenter	Gentlemen v Players, Oval	106
F G Inge	Pembroke v Christ Church, Oxford	106
A M Loscombe	Brasenose v Trinity, Oxford	106
G W King	Brighton v Brunswick, (not out)	105
E B Fawcett	Brighton v Burst	105
E H Hornby	Cheshire v Western (not out)	103
Capt Barnes	Oriental v ———	103
W Caffyn	Surrey v Cambridgeshire	103
F W Wright	Rossall v Western (not out	101
R S Bagge	Knickerbockers v Shillingee Park	101
E Grace	Berkeley v Knowle (not out)	101
S Bramhall	Clifton v West Gloucestershire	101
R Carpenter	Surrey v Cambridgeshire	100
Prof Coleman	Tall v Short, R A College	100

There are many close up to the 100—to wit: Caffyn's fine 98, in Surrey v North; Lieutenant Hutchinson, with 98; F P Miller, with 91; A W Daniell, with 92 and 90; J A Pepys, with 95, (not out); Tuell, with 94; Teesjen, with 96; H Chatfield, with 92; Odd Jimmy Dean, with his 91; Collins, 90; and a host of others. But perhaps the most extraordinary innings of 99 odd scored in 1861 was in a College match at Cambridge, wherein "Mr Extras," in one innings, scored 94!

AQUATICS.

Scullers Race on the Tyne.—On Monday, Nov. 11, the first of the four pending scullers' races in the north, came off on the Tyne, from the High Level Bridge to Paradise Quay (three miles), between Teasdale Wilson, of the North shore, and William Taylor, of Ouseburn, for £20 a side. Wilson has been before the public very prominently during the last two years, having been successful in some handicaps and several matches, the last being with William Pattinson, who he defeated very easily. He has also rowed with Carr, of Deni's Hole, and Thomas Matla, in each instance being victorious, although the race with Matla was not a satisfactory decision of merit, in consequence of the latter being thrown out of his boat, which has led to a fresh match, for £25 a side, to be decided on the 25th of November. He is twenty-three years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, and 10st 7lb in weight. He rowed in the Champion of the Thames, built by Harry Clasper, which craft seemed in every way to suit him to perfection. William Taylor, one of the well-known Taylor Brothers, is about twenty-eight years of age, and not nearly so heavy as Teasdale. He has rowed a great many races with various results, the principal with his brothers, who have had so many severe contests with the well-known Clasper crew. He rowed in a very pretty and light boat, built by his brother Matthew. At about 10 30 A. M. the competitors made their appearance at their stations at the bridge. In consequence of the heavy falls of rain there was a freshet in the river, which caused the stream to run down during the whole tide, in consequence of which they had to row the whole course against stream. Wilson having won the toss for station, was made the favorite at 6 to 4 on him, which was offered freely, but with very few takers. The umpires were Mr. Adams for Wilson, and Mr. M. Taylor for his brother. Mr. Jamieson was referee. After a few moves at the arch, they got away, Taylor having a few feet the best of the start, which he did not hold for long, as they were level opposite the Mansion House. Wilson now seemed to lay down better to his work, as he gradually got in front, and, nearing the Bottle House, was leading by nearly a length. Taylor at this time appeared anxious to get out of the down stream, and, by so doing, rowed towards Wilson, and slightly fouled him, but so slightly that they rowed on. After this, Taylor still kept rowing into his opponent, and bored him in along the New Quay, until Wilson was forced to stop rowing, and allow Taylor to take the lead; but all excitement was over, as the palpable fouls left no other alternative than the referee to decide in Wilson's favor as the winner of the match. Wilson afterwards rowed the distance as he chose, and he was nearly out of his boat when within a hundred yards of the finish, by his sculls catching in some heavy floating grass.

WRESTLING.

Wrestling Match at Oldham.—On Saturday, November 9, there were upwards of 2500 persons present to witness the great wrestling match for £25 a side, between J. Clough, *alias* Little Robin, of Hollinwood, and Elisha Buckley, of Millbottom, two back falls out of three, Lancashire fashion. The event was arranged to come off at three o'clock. Shortly after, Clough came within the circle, accompanied by J. Newton, *alias* Teapot, of Staleybridge. Buckley was attended by W. Schora, the Champion of the Light weights, at Ashton. The betting, which commenced at 6 to 4 on Clough, closed at 2 to 1. Mr. Mellor, of Oldham, officiated as referee. At a few minutes after the appointed time, all being in readiness, the athletics proceeded to their work, and some excellent play was exhibited on both sides, Clough, at times, by his superior strength and activity, making some capital points, which were loudly applauded by the discerning crowd. Clough threw his antagonist in fifty-eight minutes. An interval of ten minutes then took place, and immediately on the next round being commenced, Clough went to work in a most determined manner, both straining every nerve to gain upper-most positions. After wrestling twenty minutes, the referee stopped them, in consequence of dusk, and ordered them to meet at three o'clock on the Monday following. Notwithstanding the day being unfavorable, upwards of 1200 persons assembled to witness the result. At three o'clock the men entered the ring, attended by their friends and trainers. After wrestling half a minute, Clough threw his man cleverly, amidst the loud applause of the spectators. The competitors received £33 each.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pigeon Shooting.—On Monday, Nov. 11th, the two celebrated crack shots, Ralph Crossland and Pierce Holroyd, shot a match near Huddersfield, for £25 a side, with 1½ oz of shot, 21 yards rise, 60 yards boundary, the gun to be held below the elbow until the bird takes wing. The betting was 7 to 4 on Holroyd at the commencement, and having killed his first bird and Crossland missed, 2 to 1 was offered. Crossland, however, won the match, killing fifteen in twenty two, Pierce killing eleven only in that number. The men found and trapped birds against each other, Holroyd having much the best birds to shoot at.

Quoits.—On Monday, Nov. 11, there was a very good muster at the grounds of Mr. Yates, Cheetwood, to witness a match between Peter Kelly, of Holden Clough, and William Royle, of Salford, to play sixty-one shots up, for £10 a side. The betting was 2 and 3 to 1 on Royle. At the commencement of the game Royle took the lead by six chalks, but Kelly eventually caught him, and won the match, the score at the finish being:—Kelly, 61; Royle, 38.

Draughts.—At Mr. Sprawson's, Birmingham, on Monday, November 11th, the match between Messrs. Busby and Dempster to play eight games up for £5 a side, came off, after some excellent play on both sides, each alternately winning four games. It was then agreed to play off—again a tie; played again, which ended in favor of Mr. Busby. Betting: 5 to 4 on Busby.

CRICKET.

CRICKET IN 1861.—Concluded.

On the 1st and 2d of October, the return match between eleven English players, chiefly of the St. George Club, and twenty-two American amateurs came off on the St. George ground at Hoboken, the result this time being more favorable to the twenty two than before, as they won the game in one innings with 12 runs to spare, their score in one innings being 152 to 96 and 44 in the first and second innings of the eleven. On the part of the eleven, in their first innings, Gibbes led the score, getting 33 in good style, Congreve's 18, Waker's 12, and Burnett's 10, being the only other double figures, there being none in their second innings. The feature of the game was the excellent display of batting made by two junior players, Geo. Wright and Robinson, who were in for over an hour together, running up the score from 51 to 122 before they were parted, Wright's share being 35, and Robinson's 29, Ward's 16 being the only other double figures scored on the American side. Gibbes took 11 wickets in this match for 35 runs, Geo. Wright taking six for 18 runs. The time of the game was a little over six hours. We will here record also that eleven Americans defeated thirteen English in one innings with 32 runs to spare, on the Boston club grounds, the week previously, this latter match proving that the game is advancing in favor among the Massachusetts ball players.

The Eleven vs. Twenty two match played on the St. George grounds was the last of the season, which has been the poorest we have had for years. There are two features of the season's play which we would especially notice in concluding our review of the year 1861. The first is the inauguration of the series of junior matches, and the encouragement so liberally extended towards young players by the members of the New York Club, in doing which they have laid the foundation of a school for cricketers that will fill up the vacancies that time will ultimately create in the club. The second is, the series of games that have been played this season on the St George grounds between English and American cricketers, in which leading base ball players have taken a prominent part; all of which have done more to popularize the game among Americans that all that has hitherto been done for years. We trust next season will see a continuance of the good work under more favorable auspices, for by that time we hope the ball playing of war that has interrupted the legitimate games of cricket and base ball will have been done with, or so near it, that peace may nearly have resumed her sway.

Amsterdam vs Troy.—A cricket match came off between two elevens of the above named places in this state, on Oct 21st, the score of which we append only, as the report was sent us so long after the playing of the match:—

AMSTERDAM.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Young st Wynne b Crowe	22	st Wynne b Corps	1
Nevans b Corps	2	not out	7
Woodhead l b w b Corps	7	l b w b Corps	4
Topping b Crowe	1	b Corps	0
Holley not out	11	c Edwards b Corps	2
Neff st

SPORTS! SPORTS!
EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!

NEW YORK CLIPPER,

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

A TRIP TO LONDON BY SAIL.

Impositions of Shipping Agents—Impositions on Shipboard.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

"A Life on the Ocean Wave!"

CONTINUED.

As evening approached, the wind gradually sprung up, continuing all Monday until eight o'clock, P. M., when the sea got more and more troubled, until it finally turned into an

EQUINOXIAL HURRICANE AND STORM.

All through the night, sleep was impossible, from the pitching and tossing of our bark, but towards daylight a fearful scene occurred. The waves had grown into mountains of fury, lashing us about like a toy; now causing us to rise nigh upright from stem to stern—and again dipping under our bulwarks every lurch. The casks became unloosed from their moorings, were dashed from side to side, and the lower deck was four feet deep in water. With all the exertions of the officers and crew, it was impossible to get in more than half the sails; the others being left to the wind's mercy. With the ropes snapping, bolts flying, sails cracking like whips, masts swaying to and fro till the yard arms touched the waters, and the deck with twenty tons of sea upon it, no wonder the sailors were powerless for good—the captain's voice had become indistinct from his continual orders throughout the night; the mates were also in a similar condition, and the sailors exhausted by the severe tax on their energies—so that at 5 A. M., when at its maddest, the hands were paralyzed with fear and weakness. In vain did the mates urge and encourage them; the spirit was there, but their strength gone; all they could do was to retain the ropes and swing by them—pulling all together being an impossibility: one spell they lay fairly unable to stir, such was the terrible nature of the gale. To add horror to the scene, boxes, masts, and pieces of timber went floating by on every side, the sad tokens of a wreck, while, at 6 A. M., the carpenter when aloft, saw the body of a man tossed about by the waves; whether he died on board or was wrecked, we had no means of knowing. While this frightful scene was transpiring outside, let us take a look in the cabins; the main one being put under lock and key, the inmates were imprisoned for their own safety, to keep them from coming on deck; still ours will serve as a guide to the rest, for the same horrible sensations affect one as another in times of great danger at sea. At the height of the gale, our Italian friend, with his eyes like a maniac's, made a dash through our door into the carpenters's cabin, minus every thing except drawers and undershirt—a life-preserving bench being always kept there, he slipped that under his arm-pits and awaited the vessel's going down. The others very wisely stayed in, or some one must have been washed overboard. At the very commencement the French girl sprang from her berth into Mrs. Saw's, determined to have company if she must go down, while Mr. Saw took his station at the door, which required all his strength to keep from being wrenched off the hinges; the German reversed his position, putting his head where his feet should be, and thus hid every thing from view, being bound to go in the dark, if it came to that; the little children didn't realize their danger; as for myself, I never want to pass through another such scene as long as I live; more dead than alive, sitting upright, and grasping the woodwork as if it were able to save me, I expected every time our side went under, it would never get right again; the remorse of conscience seemed horrible; all my sins crowded vividly on my mind; relatives appeared as if rebuking my course in leaving them, and a more fearful hour I never spent than between 5 and 6 A. M., of Tuesday, the 17th of September. All through the day we were unable to venture outside, from the danger to life or limb; eating was entirely suspended for the time, and as evening came we expected a repetition of the night before. Providentially, towards midnight, the winds abated somewhat, to our great joy, and all turned in for a little rest; in the morning we awoke up in a dead calm, verifying the old proverb relating to storms and calms. To prove the severity of the hurricane, let me state, that in all the captain's experience, (forty-seven years,) he had seen nothing to compete with it; when officers and crew all told the same story, no wonder the passengers got scared, and had a thorough sense of facing death in its most horrid form, without a friend to soothe their last moments, or to administer religious consolation. What made our party the more sensitive will be accounted for when I state we were always on the lee side, and if the ship capsized or broke any of her masts, our position was one of great danger; the first favorable wind lasted so long as to completely shift the cargo, and with all they could do, it never got righted; with the sails at opposite angles, we were only level; when the yards were square, our side was always lowest, but having the sails set to our right, placed the bulwarks within two feet of the sea's level, causing the waves to deluge the deck from morning to night; what with this, pumping ship, and the hog-pens, we never knew the privilege of a dry foot, while the stench from the last two causes would have created some epidemic had the weather not been remarkably cool. On Wednesday morning the wreckers gradually sallied forth, and after comparing notes, we found only one accident; this happened by the Jew being pitched against some steps, cutting his eye and knee rather badly; most of the females fainted, and some had on india rubber dresses to keep them afloat; throughout the whole ship, not a soul was ashamed to own they expected a watery grave, nor to acknowledge the Power that saved them. On Mr. H. showing himself, a lady thanked him for his exertions in saving the ship. "No, no, don't thank me; there's a greater Captain above; it is to Him you owe your lives!" spoke out the blunt seaman, and if ever anything came from the heart, that sentence did. A sailor, too, at the storm's greatest pitch, on hearing a messmate take an oath, reproved him by saying, "This is no time for swearing!" Thus, in a religious sense, we had some excellent men, and who can deny but that the prayers sent up to Heaven that very night were the means of our salvation?

Augustus Trebbe, my companion, was an Italian of very near my own age and a similarity of taste. His family at Naples being quite wealthy, at his own request his father had sent him to the West Indies to purchase shells and sponges for the European market. Being young and confiding, with any amount of money, friends flocked about him in abundance. In the islands of Trinidad, Nassau, Cuba, and all along the coast, besides attending to his father's business, he purchased a sloop, and commenced trading. Money was heaped up by his exertions, and, though hardly twenty-one, he lived like a lord—kept his carriage, valet, and indulged in the most reckless extravagance; he had masters to instruct him in the English, French, German, and Spanish languages—all of which he spoke fluently. In his sloop he had been nearly wrecked several times; has served under Garibaldi, and gone through all kinds of danger, yet on the ship he hadn't the pluck of a girl. Previous to the storm he had a fit of an hour's duration from exposure; after that, every night when the others had retired, he would request my company till two o'clock, or until I got used up. In the daylight he was good enough, but when night came, nothing could induce him to turn in; a good horn of brandy, with his pipe, usually kept his courage up in mild weather; but in a "blow" he was near crazy; besides a good stock of his own, he made out to get rid of two large bottles of mine, and a pound of tobacco; this I was too glad to give him to get a little sleep, for whenever the wind freshened or the sails flapped, he would rush into our cabin and grab me by the hair, with a wild look, crying out: "James! James! wake up! see!" never being able to explain himself. To the mates he was a regular bug-bear, running every night to beg of them to lessen sail—once or twice he awakened them upon watch, and though they had no right to sleep, he got a fine jawing for it; to the sailors he was always questioning our safety; a better watch never existed. Out of thirty-four nights the poor fellow only slept six, and even these were disturbed by horrid dreams, if we could judge by the contortions of his face and peculiar expressions. Nobody could account for his fright, although the French girl really believed he had been guilty of some heinous crime; the first fall out they had she told him so, and it sadly hurt his feelings. To me he was more confiding; it was the fear of never seeing his parents again, he said; after that, he was willing to face any death, and I saw no reason to doubt his word.

INCIDENTS ON THE VOYAGE.

For monotony there is no trip like crossing the Atlantic; not a bit of land to be seen for 3,000 miles, or until the English Channel is reached. If you would see an island occasionally, never go to England, or anywhere the Atlantic leads to; the time hangs frightfully when no object greets the eye for five or six weeks; in a storm, fear is the main feeling; with head winds, every one (barring the sailors) gets growling: in a calm, one day seems like a year, and only when the yards are square, with a nice breeze, does one see any good nature or activity displayed—at all other times, all is like the ocean, "blue;" and a pretty dark blue. In going to Australia there is always some little island to attract and interest, and though the passage to that settlement is often ninety days, all prefer it to a trans-Atlantic voyage of thirty days. On passing Newfoundland plenty of sea-weed and one or two vessels were to be seen, with lots of porpoises and other fish, including a small whale and a dead sword-fish, but we had been out twenty-two days ere anything special occurred. On the 26th of September, a gloomy, dull day, we came across a French brig, which bore down on us to compare log-books: as is the custom when the sun is invisible, a black board with chalk figures is displayed from both ships as a guide, they showed 21° lat., while we made it 18° lat., three degrees difference; after an interchange of masonic signs between the two captains, away she darted, close enough for us to make her name with the naked eye. A day or two after the storm, two or three hove in sight, apparently in distress, but they made no signs; probably they were like ourselves, repairing damages, for it was a week ere we got everything ship-shape. A packet outward bound saluted us by hoisting the customs flags, four in number, and afterwards the glorious old Stars and Stripes; to my eyes our colors never looked purer or brighter than when, after three long weeks without seeing one, they were unfurled in mid-ocean; we returned the compliment by swinging our spangled banner to the breeze, and the sight of it was better than all the provender aboard. Altogether, in the ocean, we saw only seven, while none were anything to ours in size or number of sails. We hadn't even the excitement of seeing the sailors beaten and abused, although had the first mate been in command, there might have been any quantity, if those under him were to be relied on; in some ships one or two men are either killed or maimed for life on every trip—still their murderers have full swing, (not on a gibbet or the yard-arm, where they ought to be); frequently the carpenters are employed on nothing but belaying-pins the whole journey, from the peculiar habits the mates have of firing at the crew, or breaking them across their heads—this is a positive fact, and the masses will have no idea of the cruelties practiced on sailors, until they see it for themselves. Some curious weather is witnessed at sea; in September we had heat, cold, fog, rain, and hail—also many sun-shine showers, where the rainbow was seen to perfection, from its commencement, over the half circle, apparently ending in the ocean; the colors were so bright as often to have the appearance of two rainbows, while in magnificence and grandeur, it was thrilling to contemplate. At sea is the proper place to see the beauties as well as terrors of the elements.

PECULIARITIES BELONGING TO OFFICERS AND CREW.

In a general way, sea faring men are ignorant, rough, and devoid of feeling, and though capable of civility on land, from various causes they show all their bad qualities in glaring colors aboard ship, thinking never to meet those they insult after the trip is over, and generally toning down a little as they near land. They commence by quizzing and poking fun until some butt is discovered, when they get so as never to be happy unless doing the party an injury, or playing practical jokes. The carpenter, or "chips," as he is generally called, having the giving out of provisions is a privileged character, and woe betide the persons he gets under his thumb, be they male or female; he has such influence, that no matter how much you detest the man, it doesn't do to show it, or next rations day the evil will fall trebly on your own shoulders; whether the company are aware of their swindling propensities is hard to say, as they are never placed in a position to know; after all in *their eyes*, a steerage passenger is thought less of than a mangy cur, because they don't fear his threats or influence. In the first cabin, petitions are gotten up commendatory of the officers' virtues, but when did any one hear of the "second-cabin steerage" doing anything of the kind? There's where the shoe pinches. Landsmen about taking a voyage, pay no heed to these sham characters—"there's nothing in it"—it's all bosh and fandango. Well, to give the particulars, the first intimation of their assurance will be to find them poking their nose in the cabin early in the morning for various objects; with all asleep and the door ajar, while both sexes are huddled together like swine, they take the privilege on themselves, getting more and more familiar, until, though a lady may be dressing, they still refuse to move their scurvy carcases away. If you remonstrate, ten chances to one a bucket of salt water will mysteriously find its way over you when asleep, if nothing worse, without knowing aught of the skunk that does it. With unprotected females they are grossly familiar, and use language unfit for the lowest brothel; being at their mercy, nobody cares to remonstrate, and thus the evil goes on worse and worse until many a poor emigrant sets foot on her adopted land, a disgraced and fallen woman! In a passage from England to New York this sort of thing is common, but the other way they are a little more human, and our journey was comparatively free from anything but scandal and gossip. Our carpenter was slightly above the average, although he was rather too sociable on short acquaintance; fond of hauling folks out of bed, throwing water over them, and other nautical privileges. On one occasion, feeling unwell, I had turned in for an hour or two's sleep; all the folks were sitting near our cabin talking, when "chips," by way of a joke, told them to watch him while he rolled over me as he had done to several others to wake them up; I inwardly chuckled and awaited his coming; he seized hold of the beam, swung in his legs, boots and all, and had released one hand to get in his whole carcase, when I turned round quick, grabbed him by the throat, and in two minutes "down came his house," falling head first against some boards, which cured him completely of ever showing off at my expense; when out of his hearing, they all applauded my action, as it kept a check on him afterwards. Chips has a great fancy for getting work out of people, such as sawing, planing, polishing, etc., and one trip he kept twenty Dutch carpenters employed all the voyage—yet not a word of thanks must be expected, for one doesn't even get a little favor by the operation. They ask for everything they see, but you mustn't request a bit of string, a nail, or any little article they have in such abundance; the sailors dare not help themselves to an inch of old sail for repairing purposes. Excepting the captain and mates, the others are regular know-nothings, and have more lies to answer for than a dozen landsmen; the mates, too, though ignorant as idiots, on general subjects, are regular Solons at sea, thinking that by answering a civil question, they are degrading their wisdom—never ask for information as to where you are, how many miles you're making, or the distance made or to go, unless the log-book is hung up for your inspection; you may get an answer, but it will turn to be a lie, and there's so little truth belonging to them, no one knows when to believe them. Neither officers or crew ever complained at the hardest work, and in rough weather they were often without sleep for forty eight hours, drenched through and through with salt water, but never murmured; in the calms their work was easier, and hence the expression in vogue:—fast, captain's wind; slow, sailor's wind; calm, Paddy's hurricane. Our voyage was about two weeks calm enough to go swimming, and three weeks hard blowing, with four or five "equinoxials;" in the latter it was all that two men could do to steer properly, while in a calm an infant might be left at the wheel with safety. Every four hours the man at the wheel is relieved; also the watches change at the same time; twelve bells denote this change, and ringing one for every half hour makes it come twelve, four and eight; thus for half-past 12, counts one bell; for 1, two bells; for 1½, three; for 2, four; for 2½, five; for 3, six; for 3½, seven, for 4, eight; then 4½ commences with one bell, and so on. At the head is the forecastle, where the sailors belong; the middle, or amid ships, where they load, and where the pump is stationed—passengers and pigs were also accommodated with homes here; the main and poop decks are monopolized by first-cabin and officers, and are kept tolerably clean, and used for promenades and dancing. In all, we carried twenty-two sails, four more than anything else we came across all the way; our greatest speed, except in the storms, was about eleven knots, with one and a quarter miles to the knot; the best steady running, 185 miles in twenty-four hours. With the "old man" we were well satisfied, except as to the "pig nuisance;" this was the more aggravating, because he had no idea of killing any; he was merely fattening them up on a mixture of linseed oil and rocks, for his own use at home; it took a good blow with a sledge to break the pig meat, and it was then mixed with water and made into gruel. Old Bolus was a plain sort of fellow, thick as he was high, and his cabin miserably furnished; anything seemed good enough for him so long as they didn't stop his tobacco, of which he chewed enormously; it was no uncommon thing to see forty or fifty "old soldiers" on different parts of his cabin floor. He is reputed to own the packet Christiana and half the Plymouth Rock, which no doubt prevents him from being so reckless as others; his wife accompanied him this trip, but she suffered so much from exhaustion, he feared she couldn't survive the journey, and in every favorable wind—every place big enough for a "stunsail" was made to carry one. The crew were no doubt honest enough until they were proved otherwise; still, the best policy is to keep an eye around on all ships; for, should anything turn up missing, there's no earthly use to look for it, they have so many places to stow away trifles; the only article lost was my meerschaum, and just as it was coloring, too! On some vessels they rob one another, and if an honest sailor has a good trunk of clothes he will much rather leave it in the care of a passenger than among his messmates; a good watch should never be shown under any circumstances, for mates have been known to take them from under a man's pillow, although the sailors dare not mention it till off the ship. Chips has often had his pantaloons abstracted through a window no bigger than his head, the silver emptied out, and put back, without the least clue. In the midnight watch, with the officer fast asleep, the vicious ones are always on the scent; indeed, there are a breed of mongrel seamen whose sole object is stealing all they can lay hold of, and it would be well to watch sharply these half made sailors—they disgrace all the rest. When a little community are all trusting one another, as in a ship, if a thief is caught, he should receive double the penalty to that meted out on land, as everybody is supposed to be on their guard, except when at sea; a thief is then one from choice, not necessity, that's certain.

AMUSEMENTS, AND HOW THE TIME WAS SPENT.

Fortunately, there was little quarreling and unpleasantness, until near the journey's end; this was more noticeable on account of the dearth of music or anything to make time glide quickly along; people said they never had such a dull yet quiet journey. There was only one instrument to be had—a fiddle, belonging to Old Brooks, the cook, who for many years played in the Water street ball rooms; occasionally he tuned it up, but there invariably followed a storm after, which set us decidedly against hearing it; only once did we all participate in a dance at his expense, a couple of nights before the hurricane; that was a dance. The old man, thinking it might operate favorably with his lady, sent for the male Greasy, and told him to spread himself; this the old African did with a vengeance, striking up an old Pete Dawson double shuffle jig, and calling out the figures till the gravy poured over his ebony jowls; the most noticeable couples were Miss and Young H., who were like turtle doves, with the niece's head resting languishingly on her cousin's shoulder; Chips and Geneve, who couldn't keep in step at all, from Boisley's carrying too much freight at the stern; the Misses W. and Jack Cook, the funny man, with Whitewashed Ned for a partner—at the difficult and graceful positions of the last two, Old Bolus fairly bellowed, while it even created a smile on his sick spouse's pale, thin features; the Fishman enjoyed it till he was marked, when some one cried out: "Who stole the fish?" this, though a hard rub for him, set all of us going worse than ever. The Gaffer was too much of a heavy weight either to dance or sing, but none enjoyed anything better. Checkers or Draughts was tried for a while, but if Professor Sweet had been there to see our men, he would certainly have opened his eyes a little wider; our men were pieces of corn cob cut round, dried, and one half blacked with tar! such is the scarcity of even a strip of wood on shipboard. The board was a trunk marked with charcoal, and answered first rate. Pitching pennies formed another intellectual pastime, in which Boisley excelled. I could find nothing to do half the time but lie promiscuously about the deck and curse my fate, not even reading a line till the last week but one, when an English work, "Lewis Arundel; or, the Railroad of Life," was lent me—also a book called "The English Emigrants," written by a man who crossed in the same ship, and belonging to Chips; neither one amounted to much, yet they were very welcome in my torpid and miserable state.—To be continued.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

KOLISCH—PAULSEN.—This great match, which has probably excited more universal interest and comment than any other ever played—save only those of McDonnel and La Bourdonnais, and of Paul Morphy with Herr Anderssen—has taken on one of those apparently inexplicable turns of which the contest between Herren Harrwitz and Lowenthal forms the most conspicuous example hitherto. We hope this is not destined to form a parallel. Paulsen won six and drew ten, with but a single defeat against him—when, lo! Kolisch not merely stems the tide of defeat so fearfully and, seemingly, irresistibly setting against him, but even puts a stop to such a disproportionate list of draws, and actually wins *four* games, almost without a break. Of the probable causes which have led to such an astonishing turn we are not informed, but our readers can, with us, form their own conjectures. We are glad indeed, in all fairness, to see the Hungarian make a good show, but hope to see our countryman achieve a goodly triumph.

PAULSEN SCHACH CLUB.—This new German club, the organization of which we noticed a short time since, is, we are glad to say, in a very flourishing condition. Its quarters are removed to 189 Bowery, a location far superior to the old one, and its evenings are on Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday. This club had a brilliant re-opening on Friday evening, 8th ult., a large delegation from the "Morphy Chess Rooms" being present. We will shortly give one of the games played at the meeting. We repeat, we hope to hear often from this club.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

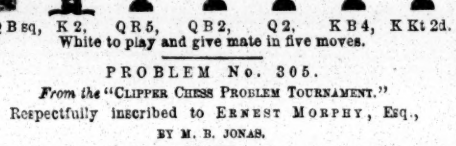
THOS. R., New York.—The game between yourself and friend has been examined; and although possessing points which are somewhat novel, still, on the whole, we think it rather to *loosely* conducted, to warrant its appearance in print. The sacrifice of the Knight on your part, if promising anything in return, why—we "don't see it." Your friend's play was in the highest degree erratic. Again when your friend plays his Queen behind her Bishop's P, and afterwards plays B to K's 2nd, giving up R, and hastening the checkmate, we must call this rather loose. Eh? In conclusion, we feel certain that you will accept these friendly remarks in their true spirit—and let us hear from you again. Our advice is—keep on; and we doubt not that both yourself and friend will "do justice to yourselves and the noble game.

ENIGMA No. 305.

From the Illustrated London News.

BY W. MACKENZIE.

at Q R 8, K R 3, Q Kt 8, K B 4, K Kt 6th.



at Q B sq, K 2, Q R 5, Q B 2, Q 2, K B 4, K Kt 2d.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

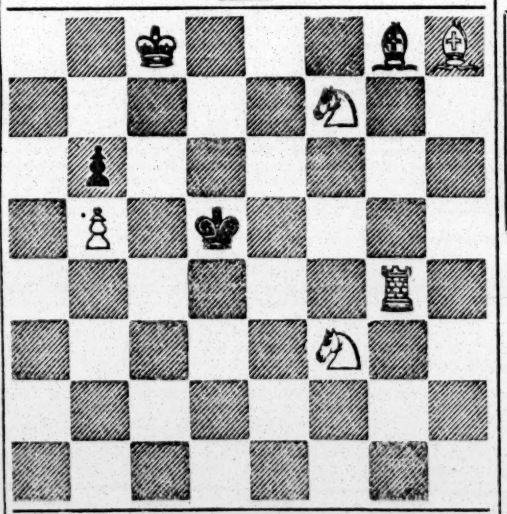
PROBLEM No. 305.

From the "CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT."

Respectfully inscribed to ERNEST MORPHY, Esq.,

BY M. B. JONAS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME NO. 305.

BLINDFOLD FEAT AT THE MORPHY CHESS ROOMS.

JAMES A. LEONARD, Esq., the champion of New York Chess, performed for the third time on Saturday evening, 16th ult., the feat of playing a number of games against as many players, himself without sight of board or men. First seven, then eight, and now *ten* games in this manner. On this occasion the arrangements were similar to those of the second occasion, Oct. 25th, which resulted in such a brilliant evening's entertainment. At the appointment of Mr. Klatzl, Mr. F. Eugene Brenzinger filled the post of Umpire, and E. W. Bryant, Esq., to whom we acknowledge our obligations for this report, secretary. The play commenced at 7:35, the antagonists being arrayed as follows:—

No. 1. P. Richardson.	No. 6. Mr. Belcher.
No. 2. Mr. De Core.	No. 7. Mr. Dillig.
No. 3. Mr. Denicke.	No. 8. Mr. Chadwick.
No. 4. Dr. Rapalje.	No. 9. Mr. Derrickson.
No. 5. Mr. Wolkenstein.	No. 10. Col. Baker.

For about an hour and a half, and the first dozen moves, everything passed off well, the room being moderately quiet; and on nearly every board Mr. Leonard had a strikingly excellent and, in many, commanding position, when the "furies were let loose and confusion began to reign." We now let our correspondent, in his own clear, and vigorous way, tell the rest.

"But at 9 o'clock three or four—gentlemen I was about to say—*politicians* I mean, came into the billiard room, and from that moment, for three hours, the noise and confusion was so great as utterly to destroy the evening's entertainment. Mr. Leonard, I think, did not feel particularly well, and the *bulbul* so distracted him that, as I foresaw would happen, some misconceptions of position, and loss of games was the result."

Mr. Leonard won Nos. 2, 5, 9, and 10; lost Nos. 1, 3, 4, and 8; and drew Nos. 6 and 7. In No. 3 he was more than a Rook ahead, and, in momentary expectation of a resignation, gave his attention to the other games, until a slip or two lost the game, his antagonist proving himself of that well-known and well-described class who "insist upon the actual brutality of a checkmate." No. 6 lasted 3 hours 50 minutes, 16 moves; No. 2 occupied 4½ hours, 17½ moves; Nos. 1, 5, 7, and 8 were disposed of in 5 hours, about 19 moves each; Nos. 4 and 10, 6 hours, some 28 moves; No. 3, 6 hours 20 minutes, 33 moves; and No. 9, the finest *partie* of the series, 6 hours 45 minutes, we give below.

BOARD NO. NINE.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, J. A. Leonard.	Defence, G. H. Derrickson.	Attack, J. A. Leonard.	Defence, G. H. Derrickson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	19..Q B to Q 2	P to Q B 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	20..K Kt-R 4	Q-K B 3
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	21..K Kt-B 3	K B-B 2
4..P-Q Kt 4	P×Kt P	22..K Kt-K 5	Q Kt-Q 3
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q B 4	23..P-K B 4	P-K Kt 4
6..Castles	K Kt-B 3	24..B P×P	R P×P
7..P-Q 4	K P×P	25..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-K 5
8..B P×P	K B-Kt 3	26..K B×Kt	B P×B
9..P-K 5	Castles	27..K Kt×P	Q×Q P+
10..K P×Kt	Q×B 2 P	28..Q B-K 3	Q-K 4
11..Q B-Kt 5	Q-K Kt 3	29..K Kt-B 3	K 2 P×Kt
12..K B-Q 3	P-K B 4	30..Kt P×P	Q B-R 6
13..Q B-K 3	P-Q 4	31..K-his R sq	K R×P
14..Q Kt-B 3	Q B-K 3	32..R-Kt sq+	Q B-Kt 5
15..Q-her B 2	Q R-K sq	33..R×Q B+	K-his R sq
16..K R-K sq	Q Kt-K 2	34..Q R-Q 4	R-K B 8+
17..K R-K 2	P-K R 3	35..K-Kt 2	R-K B 7+
18..Q R-K sq	K-Q B sq	36..K×R, and Defence resigns.	

On this *partie* our correspondent makes the following remarks, so *apropos* to the case in hand that we give them.—"The play lasted 6¾ hours, when Mr. Derrickson surrendered. His Defence would, of course, have been untenable over the board, but, considering the circumstances—Leonard "blindfolded," and against *nine more at the same time!* and Mr. D's own strength as a player,—it doesn't seem so bad an idea to give up the Kt, having two P's for it; and getting safely castled. However, he didn't get out of the toils; and, considering the terribly distracting influences at work from 9 o'clock to 12, I think it wonderful that Leonard should have won this game as he did.

One of the very best of the draws between Kolisch and Paulsen, in their present great match.

CENTRE GAMBIT.

Kolisch.	Paulsen.	Kolisch.	Paulsen.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	16..Kt P×Kt	R P×Kt
2..P-Q 4	K P×P	17..Q-K Kt 3	Q B-B 4
3..K B-B 4	K Kt-B 3	18..Q Kt-K 2	P-Q B 4
4..K Kt-B 3	K Kt×P	19..P-Q B 3	K R-K sq
5..Q×Q 2d P	K Kt-B 3	20..P-K B 4	P-K Kt 5
6..Castles	P-Q 4	21..R P×P	B P×P
7..K B-Q 3	K B-K 2	22..Q-K B 2	Q-her 3
8..Q B-Kt 5	Castles	23..Kt-Kt 3	Q B-Q 2
9..Q Kt-B 3	Q P-K 3	24..K R-K 5	K R×R
10..Q Kt-R 4	P-K Kt 3	25..B P×R	Q×K P
11..K R-K sq	Q Kt-B 3	26..Q×B 2d P	R-K B sq
12..K B-Kt 5 (a)	K Kt-R 4	27..R-K B sq	R×R+
13..K B×Kt	K B×B	28..Kt×Q R	P-Q R 3
14..K Kt×B	Kt P×B	29..Q Kt-K 3	Q B-K 3
15..P-K Kt 4	P-K R 3	30..Q-her 4	Q-Kt 4, and

the *partie* was agreed drawn.

(a) Herr Kolisch has a fine attacking position, and one which might prove dangerous to an opponent of ordinary calibre; but for every thrust Paulsen is ready with his guard, and despite all the Attack's efforts the present contest, [the 10th] like so many of its predecessors, will be found to result in a drawn battle. Throughout this whole game, the play of both parties is admirable—in fact, worthy of themselves, and under such circumstances, further comment on our part would be presumptuous.—*Stanley.*

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S.

☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNER'S SURE GUIDE.—A new edition of the above work (by the CLIPPER Draught Editor,) is now ready. (R. M. DeWitt, publisher, Frankfort street, New York.) The book is precisely what its title indicates, containing the elements of the game *in full;* beautifully printed on fine paper. Gilt, price 38 cents, post paid to all parts of the United States. Address FRANK QUEEN, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

☞ Send cash or stamps and the book will be forwarded at once

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. L. HUGGINS, BALTIMORE, Md.—O. K. Will finish publishing Drummond's positions—14 in all—and then "look out."

MACK, Newark, N. J.—As above.

E. B. D.—The "same to yourself—and many of 'em."

J. D. ELLWARNER, Lansingburgh, N. Y.—O. K. All in good time.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 32.—VOL. IX.

BY JOHN DRUMMOND.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..14	17	21	7	4..8	11	25	21
2..2	27	31	24	5..13	17, and wins.		
3..6	10	22	18				

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 52d POSITION.

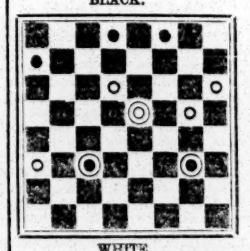
White.		Black.	
1..17	14	10	17(a)
2..9	13, and wins.		
	(a)		
1..		27	18
2..9	13, and wins.		

POSITION No. 33.—VOL. IX.

BY JOHN DRUMMOND. THE 53d POSITION OF STURGES.

[Occurred in actual play.]

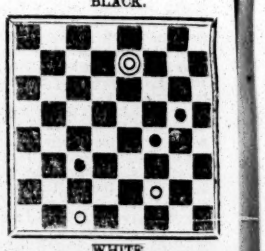
BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
11..8	11	23	19
12..11	15		

BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND W. S. K.

Black.—Mary.		White.—W. S. K.	
11..7	16	31	15
12..16	19		

CLIPPER MATCH GAMES.

SYNOPSIS OF MATCH GAMES PLAYED THROUGH THE CLIPPER.

BY NEMO.

GAME BETWEEN J. S. AND UNCLE SAM.

OLD FOURTEENTH.

Black. J. S.		White. Uncle Sam.		Black. J. S.		White. Uncle Sam.	
1..11	15	23	19	7..10	15	19	10
2..8	11	22	17	8..6	15	26	23
3..4	8	25	22	9..1	6(a)	24	20
4..15	18	22	15	10..8	11	28	24
5..11	18	17	13	11..12	16(b)	30	26
6..9	14	29	25		White wins.		

(a) Varies from the books.

(b) Something else might draw here.

GAME BETWEEN UNCLE SAM AND J. S.

IRREGULAR.

Uncle Sam.		J. S.		Uncle Sam.		J. S.	
1..11	15	21	17	6..5	14	30	25
2..9	13	23	18	7..1	5	23	19
3..8	11	26	23	8..5	9	27	23
4..6	9	25	21	9..3	8	31	27
5..9	14	18	9	10..11	16, and wins.		

GAME BETWEEN MOJAISK AND EXPRESS.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Mojaisk.		White. Express.		Black. Mojaisk.		White. Express.	
1..11	15	22	18	9..10	17	22	13
2..15	22	25	18	10..8	11	27	23
3..8	11	29	25	11..9	14	18	9
4..4	8	25	22	12..5	14	19	16
5..10	15	21	17	13..12	19	23	7
6..15	19	23	16	14..2	11	26	23
7..11	20	24	19	15..3	8	23	19
8..7	10(a)	17	14	16..8	12	31	27
				Drawn.			

(a) Leaves the books.

BIG GAME.—The New Paltz *Times* says, we learn that one night recently, Isaac Dingle, D. B. Blauvelt, Jonathan D. Westbrook, A. C. McEwen, and James Blauvelt, residents of the town of Gardiner, went out "coon hunting." About three miles west of the Guilford Church, they heard their dog barking, and upon examining what was the cause, found that he had a bear in the millbrook. One of the party shot at his brainship with a rifle, another fired at him twice with a double barrelled gun. After this the animal was beaten over the head with an axe until dead. He weighed 240 pounds, and was seven feet in length. The party had quite a jubilee the rest of the night over their victim.

MIGHTY CHEESE.—Three cheeses were on exhibition at the late New York State Fair, that were each 34 inches in diameter, 18 inches thick, and weighed 628 pounds. They are making one at a cheese factory in Jefferson county that is expected to weigh 1,400 pounds.

TROTTING IN MASSACHUSETTS.—FRANKLIN COURSE, NORTH CHELSEA, Nov. 26th. Purse $100. Mile heats, to harness.

J. Bowen named blk g Lucknow	1 0 1
L. H. Bickford named r g Rocky Mountain	2 0 2

Time:—2:43; 2:41; 2:39.

This was an extremely close race.

SAME DAY.—Purse and stake $100. Mile heats, in harness.

Wm. Woodruff named b m Lady Shaw	1 1
J. Bowen named g g Gray Eagle	2 2

Time:—2:37½; 2:35.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER THIRTY-EIGHT.

L. R. SHEWELL.

This gentleman was born in the city of Philadelphia, January 20, 1833, of very respectable parents. Against the wishes of his parents he chose the Stage as a profession, and he has been unwearied in his labors to fit himself for a successful career in this arduous vocation. He commenced at the lowest round of the ladder—making his *debut* May 10, 1852, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in his native city, under the assumed name of Roberts, in the character of Martin, in "London Assurance." On the 29th of January, 1853, he joined the forces of the "Arch," and made his appearance as Captain Antonio, in "Fazio." He remained at this establishment until it closed for the season. He made such rapid progress in his profession that we soon find him doing the leading business at the Walnut Street Theatre, in the same city, and for his benefit in May, 1858, appeared as Hamlet, and this was followed by his Duke de Richilieu, both of which characters were creditably enacted, for which he received great praise.

Mr. Shewell is a gentleman who promises to be an ornament to his profession. In the higher walks of Comedy we think he will find the mine which will yield him that material which the Good Book speaks so disparagingly of, but which mankind in their pervers-ity struggle after with all their might and main, which after all, as Mrs. Toodles would say, "is very handy to have in the house." Young, talented, enthusiastic, and ambitious withal—that is, a laudable ambition to reach the height of the Shakespearean ladder—he is the most eloquent actor at this time on the stage in Philadelphia. We do not mean by this that he surpasses all others, but he excels all others in that species of elequence which excites feeling—speaks to the heart, and to the purpose. It is that sort of eloquence which persuades and convinces. It is, in fact, the eloquence of the passions.

Mr. Shewell, possessing eloquence to the degree we have named, has it in his power, from this day forth, to become a great actor. He, of course, has much to do—much to learn, as well as unlearn. With a voice full and sonorous, well tuned to music, he can fashion it, by a little practice, to suit every passion, and convey in the most thrilling manner the glowing words of the most gifted author. To do this, however, he must apply the rules of art, and these are merely the hand-maids of eloquence, and are called grace and elegance. Mr. Shewell has a fine figure, an eye that flashes, and a countenance susceptible of photographing every passion. In declamation he is most excellent, and the intensity of his delivery is so perfect, that the actor is lost sight of; and yet those angular actions of body, slightly alluded to above, although detracting nothing from the elequence and fervidness of his manner, destroys that line of beauty so essential in the painter's art, and so necessary to be observed.

This fault of Mr. Shewell arises from a seeming restlessness—a sort of nervous action. He wants fixedness, with all his impassioned fervor—a steadiness of purpose, with all his elocutionary power. We would probably be better understood were we to quote Mr. Forrest, who in the very height of passion, and, as it were, its whirlwind, never loses sight of this line of beauty. He never rushes across the stage, nor rubs his hands, nor twists his body. He is the embodiment of the character, in action, limb and voice. Here Forrest is a model for all young actors, but not for imitation.

Mr. Shewell is now on the very threshold of high fame; the door will be opened at his knock; but that knock, like the mystic sign, must be understood by the sybil who guards the temple. He has intellect; he has genius; his talents have been devoted to his profession; and he brings to it a rich and well-stored mind, whose scintillations have already flashed brightly upon the stage.

We have watched Mr. Shewell. We have closely analysed the elements that make up his dramatic character—and have come to the conclusion that if he will command and bring into a little more subjection his mercurial temperament, and look forward with a mental eye to the future, he will in time rank among the highest of our American artists. We seldom commit ourselves in such prophecies, and although not strictly an astrologer, we have calculated his nativity, and his star shines brightly in the mimic firmament.

We could name several characters in which Mr. Shewell has won golden opinions from all sorts of people, in all of which he has displayed that intensity of study and artistic care in dress which bespeaks the student and the man of genius. It is not our practice to puff an actor, and it is only when we arrive at the conclusion of his being worth a just tribute that we speak of him and his efforts as they deserve; and if our humble praise awakens a spark of ambition in the object of our remarks, that spark may fan a flame to mingle its light with the brightest that has ever yet shone upon the mimic world.

Nor is Mr. Shewell the only one deserving such praise. There are others who in due time will be alluded to; and we sincerely hope that our brother critics in New York and Philadelphia will aid us in promoting the growth of these young shoots from our own great dramatic tree, where branches, like those of the banyan, take root upon whatever soil they bend.

During the close of the Dramatic Season of 1858, Mr. Shewell busied himself by translating a few French Farces, and adapted them to the Philadelphia Stage. One of them "The Widow's Husband" has been produced and met with unqualified praise. At present, this gentleman is engaged at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the leading business.

HARRY A. PERRY,

Born in Philadelphia in 1826. Made his first appearance on the stage at the Walnut Street Theatre in his native city, March 31st, 1846, as Malcolm, in "Macbeth." He was Call-Boy in the same theatre, a long time before he made a public appearance. In New York he made his *debut* at the Chatham Theatre, in 1847. Returned to the "Walnut," where he remained for three seasons; after which, he played engagements in all the principal cities, from Boston to New Orleans, meeting with great success. In 1850, he became a member of the Broadway Theatre, New York, since which time he has played alternately in the different Western cities, and Philadelphia.

As soon as this gentleman had become a general favorite with his audiences, he grew extremely fond of conviviality, and even dissipation; a passion too often embraced by young men on the stage.

An incredible thirst for Bacchanalian potions generally occasions a multiplicity of vices and distresses, but in our present subject we behold one whose predilection for the cup obliterates all other ideas. A few years since it was expected that he would have turned out a Comedian of some reputation. The contrary, however, has proved the case; for, with natural talents to excite applause, he, by an apparent neglect of study, seldom attracts much favorable notice; and, indeed, a tolerable salary, to enable him to gratify his favorite passion, is evidently his principal object. We cannot help wishing the convivial bowl might be dashed to earth, when it is presented so often to our actors, which leads them, before they are aware of it, to an early grave. We are aware that it is the custom with out-door friends, when their favorite has pleased them, to invite him to drink, not with any bad intent, but to show their good feeling towards him; and he, dazzled by their praises, indulges so often, that before he is aware of it, the spell is on him, and he cannot resist—but we hope the day is not far distant, when the profession will rise in their might, and refuse the baneful poison. Let those who live think of it—to those who are gone, *peace to their ashes.*

Mr. Perry is what is technically known as a "Star"—which generally means an actor who has his name in large letters on the bill and demands the lions' share of the gross receipts of the house for his services, and who, by virtue of some claimed superiority of talent, is supposed to be a model for the younger members of his profession. If those who are now toiling through their theatrical apprenticeship, and who are hereafter to be the artists of the stage, are encouraged to emulate the example of Mr. Perry by the indifference of the public and the silence of the press, the sooner the theatre and all appertaining thereto is sunk deeper than ancient Sodom, the better for the theatre and the world. The public should have enough respect for its own dignity to instantly hiss a drunken actor from the stage, and to call his manager to severe account for permitting the outrage; and I hope this suggestion may not be without its effect to the speedy attainment of that happy consummation. If Mr. Perry will get drunk let him spend his maudlin hours in the congenial back slums of the city, and I can assure him that the public will care as little for him as he cares for himself. But let him not humiliate the glorious art wherein he himself was not long since a shining light; let him not obtrude his degradation upon the notice of sorrowing audiences, who remember him as a promising, and even brilliant actor; and, above all, let him not bring public shame on the hundreds of estimable ladies and gentlemen who ornament the profession.

When the stage properly respects itself, the world will properly respect the stage; and the sooner the doors of respectable theatres are inexorably shut against all actors who are notorious, from drunkenness and other immorality, the sooner will the public give ear and credence to the claims which the lovers of the dramatic art advance for its recognition as a profession equally honorable with any other. Mr. Perry has been a fine actor, might be so again, but if he prefers the rum bottle to the respect of his profession and the admiration of the public, no one knows better than himself where to find it.

Mr. Perry is by no means the only actor who has offended public decency by public drunkenness; he happens to be the first that has so offended since the formation of a resolve to have no more of this, without public exposure and public shame.

The elder Booth, unthinking and unreflecting, was the cause of making many drunkards of the profession, and in a way too, perfectly innocent on his part, except, however, that his actions produced the evil. Booth's drinking gave him the character of being an eccentric man, and as this eccentricity tended to make him popular, others got drunk, and imagined people would attribute their drunken orgies to eccentricity also.

Cooke came over to this country in a state of intoxication. Adams' eccentricity settled down to bestiality. Fennell was scarcely ever sober. Kean was a drunkard and a bawler. Poor Jack Reeve, a victim to the bottle. All these not unfrequently appeared upon the stage *drunk!!* What a lesson to the world! How insignificant does the drama appear when its chief supporters and ablest artists are drunkards. How flimsy the reputation that depends upon the infected breath of a heated sputer.

In the time of Solon—falsehood was not permitted to be uttered on the stage lest it should give a licence to crime and propagate error. Now a manager will step boldly upon the stage and in a flowery speech address the audience, begging their indulgence, and apologising for the non-appearance of Mr. So-and-so, who was taken suddenly sick, when to two-thirds of the audience it was well known that the individual was *drunk!!* The manager having made his speech, but without a smile, the audience applaud, and the very next night the great actor having marvellously recovered, appears amid thunders of applause. What a state of society—what a state for the drama! In some characters Mr. Perry is excellent; and if he does not surprise and delight you in others, you dismiss the character from your mind, and are glad to see "Perry." He is one of the greatest favorites ever seen on the Philadelphia stage. Nature has been bountiful to him—a handsome figure, powerful sweet voice, the natural fire which breathed in every word; and above all, the tender yet warm manner in which he portrays the lover, renders him a great favorite, particularly with the fair sex.

Mr. Perry sailed for California, January 20, 1860, and after having fulfilled a highly successful engagement in conjunction with Miss J. M. Davenport, at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, he travelled with a company of players all through the mountains. On the 11th of February, 1861, he was married in San Francisco to Miss Agnes Land, a very pretty actress. At the present writing, Mr. Perry is in California.

[Next week, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Conner, and John R. Scott.]

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER FIFTY-FIVE.

Battle between Phil Sampson and Jem Burn.

Sampson, notwithstanding his defeats with Jem Ward, was determined to have another shy in the P. R., and he was matched against "My uncle's nevy," Jem Burn, for £50 a side. This battle was decided on Tuesday, June 12, 1825. The road to St. Albans exhibited a tolerable sprinkling of the Fancy, trotting along for Harpenden Common, the spot selected for the mill to take place. Unfortunately, on the previous evening a whisper had gone forth, that it was to be a Charing fight; in consequence of which unfounded rumor, lots of Sports instantly made up their minds to turn their backs upon the thing altogether. Burn, of course, as he was to win, and nothing else, according to report, was backed at 6 to 4, 7 to 4, and sooner go without a bet, those wise-acres, who thought they were in possession of the secret, laid two to one. An officious sort of fellow, a would-be man in office, "dressed in little brief authority," would not let the mill take place on the old spot; and the Fancy, always ready to obey the dictates of the beaks, when they show themselves at such a crisis, toddled on a few miles farther, and the ring was formed at Shear Mere, in Bedfordshire. Sampson publicly declared he had been ill-treated by such an unmanly report, and he hoped his conduct would soon give the lie to his enemies. Jem Burn, at one o'clock, attended by Randall and his Uncle, threw his hat into the ring, and was received with loud cheers. Sampson soon followed, and with the utmost deliberation planted his topper within the ropes, waited upon by Josh. Hudson and Rough Robin.

Round 1. On peeling, Burn looked well: he was highly lanced by the Amateurs, and the general opinion seemed to be, that the "Young One" would win it. The canvas of Sampson appeared to be the toughest, and, with the utmost sang-froid, he went and tied his colors to the stakes, over his opponent's, confidently observing, these belong to me. ["Walker!" said a Sheeny.] The caution displayed by Sampson spoke volumes that he was anxious to win the battle; and the caution likewise adopted by Jem, animatedly told the fanciers victory was the object he had in view. Two minutes elapsed in eyeing each other, when the "Young One" let fly, and touched Sampson's body—Sampson gave a grin. A precious long pause. The John Bull Fighter was so tired, that he laid himself down in the ring, observing, "We are all right, and therefore Phil will win it at his leisure." Sampson put in a small taste on Jem's cheek—[Bravo, Samey!] The caution observed on both sides, by the combatants, appeared so tiresome to the spectators, that "night-caps" were called for: at length, Burn went spiritedly to work, but Sampson very skilfully stopped him right and left. ["That's the way to win" from the East-enders.] Sampson also planted one on the head of his adversary, which provoked Jem to rush in, when Sampson caught him with an up-handed-bit, and "my nevy" fell on his face. The blow was a stunner, and visible on his forehead; the Umpires, however, did not decide this a knock-down blow. Thirteen minutes and a half.

2. Jem appeared to be fighting according to "orders"—he was too cautious. ["Never mind," said Josh., "let them do as they like: it is the Rising Sun against the Half Moon—but the Moon for my money!"—laughter.] Sampson had decidedly the best of this round, hitting his man right and left. In closing, Burn was hit down, and the claret squirted out from his forehead. This decided first blood, and the first knock down blow, and 5 to 4 on Sampson.

3. Burn was not deficient in pluck, and he came up to the scratch like a good one. Jem planted a nobber, but Sampson countered well. A rally, in which Jem was sent down. 7 to 4 on Brummagem.

4. This was a fine round, and good fighting on both sides. Burn was troublesome; but the skill and coolness displayed by Sampson was the admiration of the spectators. Some exchanges that told on both sides, but Jem had the worst of it. Under Burn's left ogle the claret made its appearance, and Sampson, by way of a finish, hit his antagonist down. 2 to 1 on the Brum.

5. The funny cove of the Half-Moon observed—["What do you think of me for a surgeon? Paul hit his finger out of joint last round, and I have pulled it in."] Burn, full of spirit, tried to punish the Brum., but he was stopped, and also nobbed right and left, and thrown into the bargain. [Applause.]

6. This was short but sweet to Paul. Sampson stopped capitally, and, in turn, planted two facers—rum one—botherers—so much so, that Burn staggered, turned round, and fell on his index.

7. The nob of Jem was changed, but his courage never forsook him—the blood was streaming down from both his eyes. The coolness of Sampson enabled him to plant his blows with effect. Poor Jem lost many hits by being on the blinking system: he rushed in to mill, but Sampson caught him. In a sharp rally, Jem went down.

8. A tiny bit of charge for Jem—he sent Sampson down at the close of the round—[Loud shouting for Burn. "Jem, do that once more, Phil. don't like it, and you'll soon make his knees tremble." "Tremble, indeed!" replied the Brum., "fetch a fiddle, and I'll dance a bornpipe. I'll bet a pound."]

9. Jem was piping, and Sampson a little winded. The latter planted a jobber over the left eye of his opponent, and got away—[Great applause.] ["Fighting such as this Jocks like a X, don't it?" said Josh.] Some excellent stops occurred on both sides, and also sharp exchanges of blows, till Burn napped an out and out one on his nob, which dropped "My Nevy." 4 to 1 on Brummagem.

10. Forty eight minutes had elapsed, and Sampson was as fresh as a four-year old. Burn, notwithstanding the bruised state of his face, was as game as a pebble, and stood to his work like a man. Sampson received a note of hand on his coak, without giving the return. Sharp fighting, till Burn went down.

11. This round was a fine specimen of the Art of Self-Defence; and both of the combatants displayed great skill. The right ogle of Jem was nearly in the dark, and he tried to wipe the blood from it. Sampson, as quick as lightning, endeavoring to take advantage of the opening, let fly with his left hand; but to the surprise of the spectators, Burn stopped him. This circumstance produced thunders of applause for Jem. Burn again stooped several blows; but, at the conclusion of the round, he was floored like a shot, by a tremendous hit on the mouth. Jem put his hand to his head, as he lay on the ground.

12. This round, by the decided manner in which he took the lead, and also in finishing it by a heavy throw, rendered Sampson the favorite at 5 to 1.

13. The friends of Jem still stuck to him, and were filled with hopes, that as he had displayed so much real game, he might be able to produce weakness on the part of Sampson: but the latter was cool and collected; and, in fact, never so much at his ease in any of his previous battles. Jem was countered; and in a hard struggle at the ropes, he was severely fibbed down. ["The Half-Moon now," said Josh., "has nearly put the Rising Sun into darkness. Very nasty, Mr. Broad day!"]

14. Jem went down from a left-handed blow.

15. Burn was really mischievous, and in close quarters he nobbed Sampson heavily. ["Keep off," said Josh., "do not give a chance away. One hit now and then, when it suits, Phil., will do."] Sampson measured his distance well, and poor Jem again went down.

16. It was almost booked by all the spectators that Jem could not win; but the brave fellow had not the slightest notion of saying so! Sampson waited for an opportunity, and, by a lush hit, nearly took the fight out of Jem by a floorer. ["Take him away!"]

17. It was now lick or be licked to Jem, and he acted boldly on this determination. And, notwithstanding his blinking state, he administered several heavy thumps on Sampson's nob when in close quarters. In closing, Sampson caught Jem's nob under his arm, fibbed him, and dropped poor Jem with ease.

18. A little turn in favor of Burn; the latter, by his boldness, planted some heavy hits one of which made Sampson stagger, and he fell on the ropes. [A tremendous shout from the friends of Burn, who would not give up all hopes of victory.]

19. Jem came up to the scratch; but he was nearly blind. Burn was soon thrown.

20. It was piteous to see Jem throw all his blows away; he could not see his opponent. Burn received a heavy blow on the nose, and fell on his back. 10 to 1, but no takers.

21. It was nearly "all up" with Jem; and he appeared like a man groping his way in the dark. The humanity of Sampson is worthy of record, he scarcely touched him, and only planted a blow to put an end to the battle. Burn was sent down quite exhausted. ["Take him away."]

22. Jem, like a drowning man catching at a straw, made a desperate effort, and in a rush at Sampson received another floorer. ["Do not let the brave fellow fight any more—take him away."]

23, and last. It is worse than death to a man of true courage to experience defeat, and Jem had made up his mind not to pronounce the afflicting "go." Burn had scarcely arrived at the scratch, when he was sent down by a trifling touch. ["He shall fight no more," said Uncle Ben.] It occupied an hour and ten minutes. Sampson immediately shook hands with his fallen opponent. Burn was dreadfully punished about the head; but scarcely any body blows occurred throughout the battle.

OBSERVATIONS.—Jem Burn, it appears, fought according to orders; but, had he adopted the milling character which characterised the last seven or eight rounds, if he had not proved victorious, it might have rendered the fight a more even thing. Sampson was, and in all his battles proved himself, a good fighter. Sampson, like Jem Burn, began his career too young, before his frame had acquired its proper growth. The principal defect in Sampson, as a boxer, he could not control—Nature, after a certain time, deserted him. The above battle was a most honorable contest, and reflected character and credit on both of the combatants. Every person returned home well satisfied with the event of the battle, as to fairness and honesty.

ORIGIN OF THE CIRCUS.

A CIRCUS, among the Romans, was an oblong building without a roof, in which public chariot-races and exhibitions of pugilism and wrestling took place. It was rectangular, except that one short side formed a half circle; the entrance was at the opposite end. Within, on each side of the entrance, were six arcades (*carceres*), where the chariots stood. On both the sides, and on the semi-circular end, were the seats of the spectators, rising gradually one above another, like steps, and resting on strong arches. At the foot of the seats there was a broad ditch, called *euripus*, to prevent the wild beasts from leaping among the spectators. Within this was an open space (*arena*), covered with sand, where the games were exhibited. This space was divided lengthwise into two parts by a wall (*spina*), twelve feet thick and six high, adorned with little temples, altars, statues, pyramids, obelisks, and conical towers. Of these last (*metæ*) there were three at each end, which served as goals, round which the circuits were made. By the first *meta*, opposite the curved end of the circus, there were seven other pillars, with oval balls (*ova*) on their summits. One of those balls was taken down for every circuit. On the outside, the circus was surrounded with colonnades, galleries, shops, and public places. The largest of these buildings in Rome, the *circus maximus*, was situated in the eleventh district of the city, which was thence sometimes called *circus maximus*, and on the spot where Romulus exhibited the games in which the Sabine women were carried off. Tarquinius Priscus projected the plan of this building, and some of the wealthy senators completed it. The *ludi magni* were celebrated in it. Dionysius of Helicarnassus 9331 1-3 feet, and the breadth at 2187 feet. According to Pliny, it was capable of containing 260,000, and according to Aurelius Victor, 385,000 spectators. Julius Cæsar enlarged and ornamented it. Under Nero, it was burnt, and under Antoninus Pius pulled down. Trajan rebuilt it, and Constantine made further additions to it. At present, but few vestiges of it remain. The circus of Carnacrilla, in the first district of the city, is in the best preservation.

The games of the circus, were so called from the circus, particularly the *circus maximus*, where they were exhibited. Romulus celebrated similar games in honor of Neptune. Afterwards, by the mutual rivalry of the *ædiles*, their splendor was increased. Under the emperors, they attained the greatest magnificence. The principal games of the circus were the *ludi Romani* or *magni* called, also, from an epithet of Cybele, *magalenses*, which were celebrated from the 4th to the 14th of September, in honor of the great gods, so called. The passion of the people for these shows appears from the cry with which they addressed their rulers—*panem et circenses* (bread and the games)! A splendid procession, or *pompa*, opened the festival. The images of the great gods were carried to the temple of Jupiter, on the Capitoline mount; the procession moved from this temple through the forum and the street called *Velabrum* to the *circus maximus*. The chief magistrate led the procession. Before him was carried the image of the winged goddess of Fortune. (*Fortuna alata*.) Then came the images of Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Neptune, Ceres, Apollo, Diana; after the death of Julius Cæsar, his image was introduced, and in later times, perhaps, those of the deified emperors also. These images were in splendid covered chariots, drawn by horses or mules, stags, camels, elephants, also sometimes by lions, panthers or tigers. After the pompous procession of gods followed rows of boys, who had lost either father or mother, and who led the horses to be used in the races. After these followed the sons of the patricians, from fifteen to sixteen years of age, armed, part on horseback, part on foot. After these came the magistrates of the city and the senate. The sons of knights, on horseback and on foot, brought up the rear. Then followed the chariots and horses destined for the races, and the different *athletæ*, as pugilists, wrestlers, runners, all naked, except a covering about the loins. In this procession were included the dancers, youths and boys, arranged in rows, according to their age. They wore violet-colored garments, with brass belts, and carried swords and short spears. The men wore helmets. Each division was preceded by a man who led the windings of the dance. The musicians followed, including a number of persons dressed like Sileni and Satyrs, who, with large wreaths of flowers in their hands, exhibited various sportive dances, with a company of musicians behind them. To this exhibition of wild, unrestrained joy, succeeded the religious pomp. First came the *Camilli*—boys whom the priest employed in the sacrifices—then the servants who took part in it; after these the *haruspices*, with their knives, and the butchers, who led the victims to the altar; the different orders of the priests, with their servants; first, the high priest (*pontifex maximus*), and the other *pontifices*; then the *flamines*, then the augurs, the *quindecimviri* with the Sybilline books, the vestal virgins, then the remaining inferior orders of priests, according to their rank. The images of gods brought up the rear; sometimes, also, a pompous show of treasures, the spoils of war. In the circus, the procession went round once in a circle, and the sacrifices were then performed. The spectators took their places, the music struck up, and the games commenced. These were:—1. Races with horses and chariots. These were so honorable, that men of the highest rank engaged in them. The whole race, in which the competitors were divided into four parties, consisted of twenty-four courses, and each course of seven circuits making about seven miles. Each party performed six courses, three in the forenoon and three in the afternoon. The chariots were very light, and commonly had two or four horses abreast attached to them. 2. The gymnastic contests. 3. The Trojan games, prize contests on horseback, which Æneas was said to have first instituted, and Julius Cæsar revived. 4. The combats with wild beasts, in which beasts fought with beasts or with men (criminals or volunteers). The expense of these games was often immense. Pompey, in his second consulship, brought forward 500 lions at one combat of wild beasts, which, together with eighteen elephants, were slain in five days. 5. Representations of naval engagements (*naumachiæ*), for which purpose the circus could be laid under water.

"THE COMMON JAY.—The jay builds its basket-like nest in trees or high coppice-wood and hedges, and lays five or six eggs of a dull whitish-olive, mottled very obscurely with pale brown. Towards the large end there are usually two or three black lines. Jays neither flock nor have meetings similar to those of the magpies and some of those crows that breed apart from each other; nor—though it has been observed in some instances—has it been fully proved that the young remain with the old birds after they are completely fledged and capable of finding their own food. They are, indeed, much more predatory than the magpies, though considerably smaller. They occasionally pounce on birds, and kill and devour them; they are very destructive to the eggs of small birds, and they will carefully catch mice.

IMPROVEMENTS IN SKATES.

In the early mode of making skates, and even at the present time, a number of straps have been used as fastenings, crossing and recrossing the foot to such an extent as to cramp it, and stop the free circulation of the blood. This has been found to be a great inconvenience, as the foot becomes chilled and pain ensues. To remedy this, a broad flap of leather has been substituted for the forward straps, the flap passing across the upper part of the toes and the lower part of the instep, and buckling at the side of the foot; but still the foot is somewhat cramped. We have seen an improvement upon this, viz: A skate which fixes into the sole of the boot by means of a flange, with dovetail socket and plate, and also into the heel by another flange, fastened by a small screw stationarily inserted in the side of the heel leather. No straps are needed at all to fasten on the skate, and it is adjustable in a second or two. A metal plug keeps the socket clean when not in use. It is a well known fact that all of the old style skates are made stiff and unyielding; that the foot has to be strapped on in a straight position, and it thus prevents the bending of the toe joint, the use of the muscles, and the circulation of the blood; therefore the foot very soon becomes cold and numb, which detracts so much from the healthful, invigorating, and pleasant exercise of skating. On wearing the old style skate, when the weight of the person is thrown forward, the whole weight of the body must have a bearing on the forward part or past the centre of the foot, or, in other words, where the foot would bend if the skate would admit of it; but as that is inflexible or unyielding, the whole weight centres about one-third part of the length of the foot from the tip of the toe, which would instantly press the heel of the skate away from that of the boot, were it not kept there by its being secured across the arch or instep of the foot. This jointed skate will, when the weight of the body is thrown forward, bend just where the toe will bend, and therefore the only stress on the instep is only what is required to bend the steel top, and thus it relieves all that severe strain across the instep, while at the same time the skater may bend the foot, and by that means get an easy and perfectly natural bearing from the joint to the tip of the toe. In reference to the heel screw, it may be seen at a glance that it is a difficult thing to revolve the skate and straps in order to fit the screw into the heel, and furthermore, when the screw is solid in the skate, perhaps it may be carried up to within a half or a quarter of a turn, and there it must remain, or else revolve the skate once clear round, which would be one quarter of a turn or more too much, making the boot after being used a few times "screw sick." With the improved heel screw, the skate need only to be placed to the boot, and revolve the wheel in connection with the screw until it is fairly secured, and then stop.

Another invention is a boot with the skate affixed to the sole, so that the skater has only to take off his walking boots and slip on the others. This, however, necessitates the carrying, as it were, of two pairs of boots, one on the feet and one in the hand, and would doubtless be annoying to many. Another invention is a laced-up over-shoe, with the skate attached. This shoe being of soft leather is portable, and when laced up the foot, has as much play as if only in a boot, while the skate is firmly fixed.

HOW TO FATTEN CHICKENS.—"It is hopeless to attempt to fatten them while they are at liberty. They must be put in a proper coop; and this, like most other poultry appurtenances, need not be expensive. To fatten twelve fowls, a coop may be three feet long, eighteen inches high and eighteen inches deep, made entirely of bars. No part of it solid—neither top, sides, nor bottom. Discretion must be used according to the sizes of the chickens put up. They do not want room—indeed, the closer they are, the better, provided they can all stand up at the same time. Care must be taken to put up such as have been accustomed to be together, or they may fight. If one is quarrelsome, it is better to remove it at once; as, like other bad examples, it soon finds imitators. A diseased chicken should not be put up.

"The food should be ground oats; and may either be put in a trough, or on a flat board running along the front of a coop. It may be mixed with water or milk; the latter is better. It should be well slaked, forming a pulp as loose as can be, provided it does not run off the board. They must be well fed three or four times a day—the first time as soon after day break as may be possible or convenient, and then at intervals of four hours. Each meal should be as much and not any more than they can eat up clean. When they have done feeding, the board should be wiped, and some gravel may be spread upon it. It causes them to feed and thrive.

"After a fortnight of this treatment, you will have good fat fowls. If, however, there are but four or six to be fattened, they must not have as much room as though there were twelve. Nothing is easier than to allot them the proper space; as it only necessary to have two or three pieces of wood to pass between the bars and form a partition. This may also serve when fowls are put up at different degrees of fatness. This requires attention, or fowls will not keep fat and healthy. As soon as the fowl is sufficiently fatted it must be killed, otherwise it will still get fat, but it will lose flesh.

"If fowls are intended for the market, of course they are, or may be, all fattened at once; but if for home consumption, it is better to fat them at such intervals as will suit the time when they will be required for the table. When the time arrives for killing, whether they are meant for market or otherwise, they should be fasted for fifteen hours. This enables them to be kept for some time after being killed, even in hot weather."

INSECTS ON FOWLS.—There are several kinds that infest the hen. By attending to the following remedy, they will entirely be kept clear. First of all, if in confinement, in the dust corner of the poultry house, mix about half a pound of black sulphur among the sand and lime that they dust in. This will both keep them free from parasites, and give the feathers a glossy appearance. If infested with the insects, dampen the skin under the feathers with a little water, then sprinkle a little black sulphur on the skin. Let a bird be covered with insects and they will disappear in the course of twelve hours. Also, previous to setting a hen, if the nest be slightly sprinkled with the sulphur there is no fear of the hen being annoyed during incubation, neither will the chickens be annoyed by them. Many a fine-hatched brood pines away and dies through nothing else, and no one knows the cause. A bird fancier had an ostrich under his care that was pining, and in whose feathers he observed thousands of parasites. He employed tobacco water, also lime water, to no effect. He afterwards sprinkled him under the feathers with black sulphur, when next day they were examined with a microscope, and every one was dead. Having had some macaws, also parrots that were addicted to biting off their feathers, he employed the black sulphur by well sprinkling them with water, then sprinkling the sulphur over their skins. If tame, sponge the skins, then rub gently, with the points of the fingers, with the sulphur, every day for about a fortnight, when the parrot or macaw will cease to destroy his plumage. It is not a remedy which has not been proved, for it has been used these two years with success.

"ANY OTHER MAN."—This common and popular term has originals at work for the purpose of ascertaining its starting point. Being somewhat of an archæologist ourself and prone to search the Scriptures, we have discovered the origin of the term. It can be found in the 17th verse of the 16th chapter of Judges, where Delilah was coaxing Samson for the secret of his great strength. He divulged as follows:—"If I be shaven, then my strength will go from me, and I shall become weak, and be like 'any other man.'" Bully for Samson!—*Cohocton (Ohio) Age.*

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
SIXTH SEASON—GRAND RE-OPENING OF THE WOLD-RENOWNED
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.
MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5th, 1861. The Hall has been most beautifully
DECORATED, RE-PAINTED, NEW SCENERY, &c., &c.
The company this season will comprise the following popular artists:—
S. C. CAMPBELL, the favorite vocalist.
EPH HORN, J. GARATUGA, T. GETTINGS,
G. S. FOWLER, FRANK LESLIE, N. W. GOULD,
T. J. PEEL, J. MORRISON, J. H. SIVORI.
W. L. HOBBS. J. W. HILTON, and JAPANESE TOMMY,
Under the direction and management of
NEIL AND DAN BRYANT.
A new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, &c. For particulars see bills of the day. 17tf

BROADWAY MUSIC HALL,
436 & 485 BROADWAY. 433 & 435
One door below Brooms Street.
THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD!
BEHOLD THE TALENT AND VERSATILITY CONCENTRATED AT
BROADWAY MUSIC HALL.
THE GREAT CARLO TROUPE,
Consisting of SIGNOR FELIX CARLO, and his three sons, the most wonderful Gymnasts and Pantomimists of the age.
CLARA HARRINGTON,
The Accomplished Vocalist.
THE BROADWAY MINSTRELS.
MISS ERNESTINE DE FABER,
the beautiful and talented Vocalist, Actress and Danseuse.
MISS LIZZIE ROBERTS, the accomplished vocalist.
BILLY BIRCH, BEN COTTON,
TONY PASTOR, J. A. HERMAN, D. PRICE,
M. AINSLEY SCOTT, J. PIERRE,
THE SHULTZE SISTERS.
MLLE KATARINA, MISS IDA ROSE
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE!
Under the direction of
MONS. PAUL BRILLANT.
Also, Signor Carlo's great Pantomime of
THE FIEND OF THE BURNING LAKE;
OR,
THE ENCHANTED PALACE OF MESROU.
ADMISSION:
Dress Circle and Parquet....25 cts. | Gallery.....12 cts.
Orchestra Chairs.....35 cts. | Private Boxes.....$4 00
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Sole Lessee and Proprietor.
27 MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

444 AMERICAN CONCERT HALL. 444
444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY. BROADWAY 444
THE GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD.
IMMENSE ATTRACTION.
FULL AND TALENTED COMPANY!
CHARLEY WHITE, FATTIE STEWART,
G. WARREN, HARRY LESLIE. W. WEST,
BILLY QUINN M. TURNER,
PAUL BRILLANT AND BALLET TROUPE,
MISS KATE LESLIE.
MISS AGNES CLARE, MISS MILLIE FLORA,
MISS KATE HARRISON, MISS MARY BLAKE,
MISS F. MONELL, MISS ANNIE HARRISON,
MISS MLLE VIOLA, MISS E MONELL.
BEST ORCHESTRA IN THE CITY,
Led by MR JOHN CANDER.
32-tf GEORGE R EDESON, Stage Manager.

OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL,
RACE STREET, between 2d and 3d streets, PHILADELPHIA.
Cheapest and best place of Amusement in Philadelphia.
EVERY ARTIST A STAR
GREAT CONCENTRATION OF TALENT.
DON SANTIAGO GIBBONNOISE,
The Boneless Wonder, or Multiform Man.
SAM LONG, L. SIMMONS, C. GARDINER,
W. ALLEN, MIKE McKENNA,
MONS EDWARD VELARDE,
MLLE CLARA, MISS JULIA CHRISTINE,
MISS JULIA MORTIMER,
MISS KATE FRANCIS. LIZZIE ROBERTS.
THE GREAT BALLET CORPS OF
TWENTY YOUNG LADIES.
Grand Matinee every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.
Admission—Parquette, 20 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.
ROBERT W. BUTLER, sole Proprietor.
33 W. BUTLER, Acting Manager.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON.
GRAND RE-OPENING, MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS,
Respectfully announce that they will commence their
FIFTH ANNUAL SEASON AS ABOVE.
THE HOUSE HAS BEEN ENTIRELY REMODELED, ENLARGED, AND BEAUTIFIED; STOCKED WITH THE BEST OF SCENERY, TRAPS, AND STAGE EFFECTS.
The company consists of the following talented artists:—
LON MORRIS. E. BOWERS, CARL TROUTMAN,
BILLY MORRIS, E. KELLY, AUGUST SCHNEIDER,
JOHNNY PELL, R. SANDS, J. P. ENDRES,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE, ROLLIN HOWARD, FRED HESS,
E. W. PRESCOTT, J. C. REEVES, D. J. MAGUINNIS.
J. S. GILBERT, J. J. HILLIARD,
Nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors. LON MORRIS, Manager. 31

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS
NOW IN EUROPE,
Performing with that success heretofore unknown in the
ANNALS OF MINSTRELSY.
THE COMPANY NOW ATTACHED ARE:
H. S. RUMSEY, W. W. NEWCOMB,
J. H. DULEY, LITTLE BOBBY,
W. T. EMERSON, M. LEWIS,
J. BURNESS, W. BLAKENEY,
RUDOLPH HALL, D. W. REEVES,
J. H. KELLOGG, J. A. BASQUIN,
B. MALLARD, J. W. ADAMS,
JAMES UNSWORTH, MASTER EUGENE,
Each member being selected for his superior excellence and individual talent. RUMSEY & NEWCOMB, Proprietors. 24-3m

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. T. MAGUIRE
Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.
Prices of Admission:
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar.
Parquet.....50 Cents. | Gallery.....25 Cents. 3-tf
Professionals should bear in mind that Mr. Maguire not only has the finest theatre in San Francisco, but that he also has under his direction the theatres of Sacramento and Marysville. The influence of these establishments inure to the benefit of all those who engage with Mr. Maguire.

BURTIS' VARIETIES, BROOKLYN,
Cor. of Fulton and Pineapple streets.
ISAAC BURTIS.....Proprietor
L. B. FACKARD.....Treasurer
W. BORDWELL.....Stage Manager
NEW FACES! NEW ACTS!! EVERYTHING NEW!!!
We still adhere to the old motto— FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY.
New Novelties every week. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques, &c., &c. Admission, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 20 cents. 31-tf

THE LARGEST
SHOW BILL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD!
CLARRY & REILLEY,
(Successor to John E Bacon)
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York,
Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
☞ A deposit required on all work ordered.
All orders addressed to "CLARRY & REILLEY," Bacon Printing and Engraving establishment, 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York, will be promptly attended to. 26

BOWERY THEATRE.
S. P. STICKNEY..... Lessee and Manager.
STICKNEY'S GREAT NATIONAL CIRCUS,
Being the only Circus Company now performing in the United States.
ALL THE EQUESTRIAN TALENT IN THE COUNTRY
Is concentrated in this establishment
PERFORMANCES EVERY EVENING IN THE WEEK,
ALSO
ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.
Consisting of
HORSEMANSHIP,
STARTLING AERIAL FEATS,
ELEGANT GYMNASTICS, POSES, AND TABLEAUX,
By the first Riders and Artists in the Profession.
Doors open at 6½; performances commence at 7½ o'clock.
Boxes 25 cents; Pit 12 cts; Gallery 10 cts; Balcony Chairs 50 cents.
Children admitted to Boxes at the Afternoon performances for 15 cents. 31-tf

CONNER & POOLE'S CONCERT, THEATRICAL and LITERARY AGENCY, 482 BROADWAY, Room 7.—Male and Female performers of acknowledged ability can always obtain city engagements by addressing as above, enclosing red postage stamp.
31-tf CONNER & POOLE, Agents.

WOODROFFE'S
ORIGINAL BOHEMIAN TROUPE OF GLASS BLOWERS,
With their celebrated
LOW PRESSURE GLASS STEAM ENGINE,
Are still at MUSICAL HALL, BROOKLYN. The largest, most talented, and ONLY complete Exhibition of the kind in the world.
The Troupe is composed of the following talented Artists:
MR. C. A. WOODROFFE, the Champion Glass Blower;
MR. WM. WOODROFFE, the World Renowned Glass Worker;
MRS. C. A WOODROFFE, the Lady Glass Worker;
MR. E HAGERTEY, the great Philosophical Glass Blower;
MR. CHARLES MATHEWS, the Fancy Glass Worker;
MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS, the Lady Glass Blower;
MONS. DE MOUTHE, the Venitian Fancy Glass Worker;
F. PARRISH, the Fancy Design Maker; Prof. PANOVO, Pianist.
WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD, AND DEFY COMPETITION.
WILLIAM WOODROFFE, Business Manager.
33 2t* E J WHITE, Agent.

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL, 585 BROADWAY.
The new feature at the Canterbury for the coming week will be the
CLIFFORD SISTERS,
Celebrated Solo and Duet Singers
Renewed success of the
MAGIC LAUREL,
With A. M. HERNANDEZ, in his great character of ANTONIO.
Third week of BYRON CHRISTY, in his Original Stump Speech.
MONS. and MLLE. MONTANARI,
Operatic Duet Singers.
SIG. ABECCO, the best Tenor in America.
R. M. CARROLL, the Unrivalled Jig Dancer.
MLLE RAVEL, and MLLE PRICE,
the beautiful Spanish and Fancy Dancers.
W. N. SMITH, Champion Bone Player.
Monday, Dec. 1st, first night
Solo and Duet Singers,
CLIFFORD SISTERS. CLIFFORD SISTERS. CLIFFORD SISTERS.
Doors open at 7, performance to commence at 7½ o'clock.
FOX & CURRAN, Proprietors.
CHRIS. NORRIS, Treasurer. 33-1t

WINTER GARDEN.
THIRD WEEK OF THOSE EMINENTLY SUCCESSFUL ARTISTS,
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
Whose triumphs during the past two weeks is without precedent.
THOUSANDS NIGHTLY
Unable to obtain admittance.
MONDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 1.
ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.
1st night of the Drama of PHELIM O'DONNEL.
1st night of the entirely new Burlesque, by HENRY MORFORD, Esq., entitled,
"SECESH,"
Written expressly for MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.
1st night this season of the side-splitting piece called the
LATEST FROM NEW YORK.
Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams in all the pieces.
☞ Friday, benefit of Mr. BARNEY WILLIAMS. Seats secured three days in advance. 84-1t

PROFESSOR KIRBYE AND SON,
The popular Gymnasts and Pantomimists; also, the most versatile performers in this country, will negotiate upon reasonable terms with all first class Theatrical or Concert Hall Managers. Engagements to commence about the 1st of January, 1862. The following list comprises a few of their leading acts:—
FEATS OF STRENGTH AND HEAVY BALANCING!
JUGGLING, FEATS OF LIGHT BALANCING, AND TRICKS OF DEXTERITY!
GENERAL GYMNASTICS, INCLUDING CLOWN, MOTLEY ACTS, BUFFOONERY, &c.
SINGLE AND DOUBLE TRAPPEZE, PERCHE, &c.
VENTRILOQUISM, MAGIC, COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL SINGING, EDUCATED DOGS! &c., &c., &c.
N. B—As to doubts being entertained as to our ability to perform all the above acts, or more artistically, I would say that no engagement made by us will be considered a POSITIVE CONTRACT until the management is fully satisfied of the fact.
REFERENCES—Mr. Geo Lee, of the New York Melodeon; Mr. Frank Rivers, of Philadelphia Melodeon; Mr. Jas Thomas, of 'Thomas'' Opera House, Philadelphia; Mr Jacob Beller, of Detroit Music Hall; Mr. Wm B English, Esq., National Theatre, Boston, Mass.; Mr. James Conner, Theatrical and Literary Agent, New York; Mr. Ben Trimble, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Managers will please address the above, "Trimble's Varieties," Pittsburgh, Pa. 34 2t

ROYAL LYCEUM,
TORONTO, CANADA WEST.
Lessee.....JAS. FLEMING.
The above Theatre has been thoroughly renovated and decorated, making it the handsomest, warmest, and most comfortable place of amusement in Canada. The Winter Season will begin on the 2d of December. Stars—Opera and Ballet Troupes—will be liberally treated with. HENRY LINDEN, Stage Manager.
Toronto, Nov 30, 1861. 34 tf

PHOTOGRAPHS of Mr. and Mrs Blake, Julia Daly, Sallie Bishop, Ione Burke, Brignoli, Fanny Brown, A. H. Davenport, Maggie Mitchell, Mrs John Wood, Lotty Hough, F. S. Chanfrau, Joe Jefferson, Mrs Leighton, Galetti, Eph Horn, Jerry Bryant, Marietta, Mary Shaw, Dan Bryant, Geo. Christy, Chas Fisher, Miss Henriques, J. H. Ogden, Harry Pearson, Sam Cowell, J. B. Booth, E. Forrest, Laura Keene, Ada Clifton, W. Hanlon, John Brougham, J. S. Clarke, Sara Stevens, E. A. Sothern, W. Davidge, Mad. Cortesi, Fabbri, Jane Coombs, Kate Fisher, Miss Kellogg, Kate Hayes, Colson, Mrs. Pryor, W. R. Floyd, Piccolomini, Vining Bowers, and hundreds of others. Price 25 cents each, and sent post paid. Catalogue sent on receipt of a stamp, by O. A. ROORBACH,
34 1t* 122 Nassau st., New York.

CONCERT SALOON FOR SALE.—The Union Concert Saloon, in Hartford, Conn., which has been running since the first of August, is now for sale, as the proprietor has other business to attend to. Any one with a small capital of four or five hundred dollars, that understands the business, this is a good chance; the company is a good one; the Hall will hold about two hundred; is in a first rate location, and has a license from the city. The rent is only three hundred a year. For further particulars call, or address,
34 1t* JAS. E FLOWER, No. 18 Asylum street, Hartford, Ct.

MISS ANNIE WAITE, in answer to the letters of several Managers, begs leave to inform them, and Managers generally, that she will resume her professional duties in March next. During her retirement there has been written expressly for her, three Dramas, besides the completion of two productions of her own. These will be played exclusively under her supervision. Letters addressed to her, 48 Wall street, Boston, will receive prompt attention. 34 1t*

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, (LATE OF NIBLO'S SALOON)
R. M. HOOLEY & G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
Proprietors and Managers.
STUYVESANT INSTITUTE, BROADWAY,
OPPOSITE BOND STREET.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
The well known Stars of the Profession:—
G. W. H. GRIFFIN, CHARLEY FOX, DAVE REED,
J. CHILDS, T. L. McNALLY. E. J. MELVILLE,
G. GRAY, J. MALONE, &c., &c.
Supported by a picked Corps of
VOCAL, INSTRUMENTAL AND TERPSICHOREAN ARTISTS.
For particulars see small bills. 29-tf

TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Sole Proprietor.....BEN TRIMBLE.
Acting Manager.....W. B. CAVANAGH.
BEST COMPANY IN THE WEST.
MISS IDA DUVAL, MISS FANNY DENHAM,
MRS. C. T. SMITH, MISS MARIAN SMITH,
MISS EMMA SCHELL, and MLLE LEONETTA.
C. T. SMITH, W. A. ROUSE, Professor G. W. KIRBYE and SON,
E. DeHAVEN, J. HART, J. H. DOUGHERTY, J. H. CARLE,
H. FITZGERALD, and BILLY CAVANAGH.
☞ First class performers wishing engagements will direct as above. 32 3t*

JOHN W. WRISTON,
HUMORIST
AND
DELINEATOR OF ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.
ENGAGEMENTS MADE AFTER DEC. 20th, 1861.
TERMS—$25 00 per night, or half the receipts.
Address care of FRANK QUEEN,
29 3t* Clipper Office, New York.

☞ ADVERTISEMENT.—COL. T. ALSTON BROWN, having returned to the city from a tour of six months through the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, New York and the Province of Canada, is prepared to negociate with any "Star" or troupe to travel as business Agent for the ensuing season. Is well posted in all the duties appertaining to an Agent. Address him at this office.

THE "NONPAREIL" DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, meets every Monday evening. All communications should be addressed to 211 8th Avenue. [30 3m*] H. ROLPH, President.

WANTED—A Leading Juvenile Lady; also, a Walking Gentleman, and two good Utility People, young. Must be prepared to dress business respectably. Engagements for five months.
Address WILLIAMS & WOOD,
33 2t* Delmonico Theatre, Cairo, Ill.

MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN having concluded a most brilliant engagement of three weeks at D Bar's Theatre, in St. Louis, will open at the Louisville Theatre, Louisville, Ky. on Monday, 24th inst., for two weeks; and at Wood's Theatre in Cincinnati on Dec. 9th for three weeks.
N. B—Miss Menken begs to say in reply to the numerous letters received from managers, that her engagements are all made up to the first of March. 33 tf

NEW THEATRE, POKEEPSIE.—Wanted for a season of six months, commencing December 20th, 1861, a good first class company. Also, a good danseuse. Address, G. S. SAXTON, Pokeepsie, N. Y., Business Manager. 33 2t

JAS. WAMBOLD, of Mrs. Matt Peel's minstrels, is requested to send his address to box 3774, Buffalo P. O., N. Y. 34

☞ We have letters for J. G. H. Strong, Yankee Robinson, S. D. Baldwin, T. G. Riggs, N. A. Scott and Madame Anna Bishop.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Dec 2, '61.

The city swarms with public places of amusement. Never do we remember to have seen so many theatres, music halls, and kindred establishments as are to be met with in the present day in this great metropolis of the western world. Instead of lessening the number, the war seems to have had the contrary effect, so far as music halls are concerned. The competition between theatrical managers is not to be compared to that at present existing among concert hall proprietors, who appear to act in anything but concert in their relations toward each other. There is not only a great rivalry among music hall managers themselves, but the latter are beginning to give some trouble to proprietors of our theatres, by not only making inroads upon their players, but upon their patrons as well. We have on more than one occasion called attention to the fact that the most astonishing salaries have been, and are still being paid to performers in music halls. Very few people receive less than fifteen dollars per week, while those who are supposed to be more than usually attractive in person, or possess extra fair talent, receive salaries ranging from fifty to one hundred dollars per week; and still others, looked upon as stars in the profession, are paid even higher terms. These rates are much higher than are paid in our theatres—the "handsome leading comedian," or the fascinating "first lady," seldom receiving more than fifty or seventy-five dollars per week, and running down the scale still lower in times like the present. The high rates offered by music hall managers have already drawn away several actors and actresses from the theatres, and if the same salaries should continue to rule, others will speedily follow; but the question arises, will they continue to rule so high. We think not. At this particular season the competition among music halls is so great that really good performers can command their own prices—to keep up the attractions and interest of their establishments, concert hall managers are almost compelled to give exorbitant salaries—but the business will not warrant it. There is a sort of artificial inflation of these places of amusement, and a collapse must sooner or later take place if performers continue to demand, and managers pay such heavy salaries. Mind, we do not object to the people charging for their services all that they consider themselves worth; "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and there is no good reason why he should not profit by the work of his head, hands and heels; but what we are driving at is this—that the big salaries demanded by and paid to our own people will have the effect to compel managers to look for cheaper talent abroad, and the result will follow that the market will be completely glutted, and everybody and everything will come down; singers and dancers of our own manufacture will find themselves superseded by foreign talent, and managers will have the whip hand, and salaries will then rule as low as they now rule high. It is better to do a sure and legitimate business for all time, than run up salaries to a high notch, and then be compelled to walk the plank, or engage for a mere living salary. People from the other side of the Atlantic are already beginning to cast a wistful eye to the shores of America, war or no war; and should peace be declared, there will be a perfect deluge here. Keep down salaries, therefore, within reasonable bounds, and there will then be no inducement for foreign talent to try their luck in the land of the free and the home of the rebels. Managers and people should have a better understanding among themselves, for their mutual benefit. Music hall proprietors cannot afford to pay one hundred and two hundred dollars per week salaries, and live. The spirit of rivalry may urge them on, but the financial exchequer tells the tale at the close of the week, when the "profits" come up missing. In the theatres, the "people" are very moderate in their demands, and unusually low salaries are paid them. They are content to work for a mere pittance rather than remain idle during the "prevalence" of the "irrepressible conflict" now waging among the inhabitants of this once happy and prosperous country. If they were not so willing, their places would soon be filled by performers from abroad.

"Zampillaerostation." We find this word advertised in the papers in connection with the Academy of Music, and the 9th of December. What it means, or who is getting up this "Zampillaerostation," very few people have any idea. Now, when the word "Prestidigitateur" was so bountifully spread before the good people of New York, the name and doings of the great magician Herrmann were given in connection with it, thus making light what otherwise would have been a dark subject. Not so the parties who are "working up" the "Zampillaerostateur"—the name of Wm. Hanlon is not mentioned; neither is the character of the performance to be attempted made known to the public. We are all left in the dark; we are all supposed to be ready to fill the Academy on the strength of the mere advertising of a new-come-to-light word; it is thought, we presume, that we will be so anxious to have this 'Zampillaerostation" defined, that we will launch out our quarters and halves with perfect looseness; that we will cry after the "Zampillaerostateur" as children in by-gone days wept for Sherman's lozenges, or as those of the present day sorrow after Mrs Winslow's soothing syrup—but, unless a change manifests itself this week, and a more clear understanding is had between the public and the "Zampillaerostateur" there will be a lack of support on the part of the former, and a wail of surprise on the part of the latter at the lukewarmness of the people. We should regret a failure on the part of the Hanlons, for they are very deserving performers, but if this new performance should not prove financially successful, the fault may be ascribed to those who had the management of the affair. We regret that Niblo's Garden was not secured, instead of the Academy of Music; but it is probable that Mr. Stewart is too exacting, and asks more for his theatre than it is worth, and requires applicants to take it for a longer period than they care to do. However, we wait the issue of the "Zampillaerostation" experiment at the Academy on the 9th inst., hoping for the best, and trusting that this notice may have the effect to awaken the managers to a proper sense of their duties in the premises.

A modest man must be the author of the successful little comedy of the "Magic Marriage," now being performed at Wallack's Theatre. The piece may be said to have achieved a success on the first night of its representation—but the man who wrote it "never opened his mouth," nor yet spake he through the medium of the manager. So, on the second and succeeding nights, he maintained a seemingly studied silence, and heard the good things said of his handling without the least apparent remorse of conscience, or a disposition to unravel the mystery attending the authorship of the "Magic Marriage." Rumor has pointed to a dozen authors, but we believe Charles Gaylor is the happy man "who writ it." The new comedy has drawn excellent houses during the week, and will probably enjoy a fair run.

They get out some very clever pantomimes at Broadway Music Hall. This evening a new one is to be introduced, entitled the "Fiend of the Lake of Fire," with the Carlo family in the principal parts. We notice that Master George Germaine has been added to the company attached to the Broadway. He was formerly connected with Rivers' Melodeon, in Philadelphia, where he became quite a favorite. A most excellent and varied entertainment may be enjoyed at the Broadway.

At the New Bowery, Mr. Eddy has been called in to assist in the performances.

Every place of amusement did well on Thanksgiving night, and managers have thereby an additional cause for Thanksgiving.

An actor named Alexander Talot, said to have been formerly connected with the French Theatre, dropped dead in West Broadway on the 29th ult. The body was taken to the late residence of the deceased, No. 11 White street, where an inquest was held, and a verdict rendered of death from the disease of the heart. Talot was a native of France, and at the time of his death was 48 years of age.

Mr. Stickney is carrying his circus season through very cleverly at the Old Bowery, where he is constantly producing something new and amusing. Sig. Sebastian, the bare-back rider, has closed his engagement there, and leaves for California this week, where he is engaged to join Mr. Wilson's forces. On the occasion of Sig. Sebastian's benefit and farewell appearance, on the 30th ult., he was presented with a silver service, in testimony of the public's appreciation of his merits. The committee was composed of Messrs. E. P. Christy, L. B. Lent, S. P. Stickney, J. J. Nathans, J. Pentland, Jas. Melville, and J. Wilson.

There is nothing new to be said of Laura Keene's. The "Seven Sons" holds the stage as yet, but we hear that something fresh is in preparation. If you want to see pretty women, Laura Keene's is the place to go; and if you are fond of good and understandable music, so, likewise Tom Baker will dish it up for you. Do not, by these remarks, understand us as saying that friend Baker will dish up the pretty women, likewise.

Barnum is looking around for other fields whereon he may plant Museums, the profits of his New York establishment not looming up sufficiently large to satisfy his appetite. Talking of appetite, Barnum tells us that his "living hippopotamus" eats his barrel of turnips daily. 'Tis a huge dish, and, with the trimmings, must try his swallow "tremendjously."

O' Bryants, we have crowded houses to record, and peals of merriment at the fun of Dan Bryant and Eph Horn. "A hunkey boy is Yankee Doodle."

A testimonial benefit is on the tapis for Miss Sarah E Sanderson, a talented blind girl. Billy Weston, the young Irish comedian, will appear, in connection with several artists—burnt cork folks, dramatic people and otherwise.

At the Canterbury this week they have the Clifford Sisters Solo and Duet Singers. The pantomime of the "Magic Laurel" is renewed with A. M Hernandez in his great part of Antonio. The pantomime is a "big thing" and well worth witnessing. Sig. Abecco, the tenor, still warbles his notes there. R M Carroll, the jig dancer, is also there. Business improves, which fact is owing to the liberal management of the proprietors, who leave no stone unturned in seeking novelties wherewith to please their patrons.

At '444' things are the same as usual. Great programmes and immense audiences. "444" is just the place to drop in to get out of the cold these frosty nights. Charley White, George Warren, and Billy Quinn, the great "I Ams," are some "punks" in raising a laugh. Drop in and see the trio of "nigs."

The Winter Garden was pretty well warmed up last week by comfortably large audiences, who went there to listen to the Patlanderisms and jokes of Mr and Mrs. Barney Williams. They got off a big joke on us on Saturday evening, for then we went to get hold of that "Magic Joke," the joke of which is, that they didn't tell it in an audible manner, and of course we "didn't see it," and therein lies the joke. Here is the key to the joke, however. If out loud you're told of it, some of our comic writers might get hold of it." They knew we were there, and that we were a comic writer, that's the reason they kept "mum." We regret that our reputation in that line should have deprived so many good people of getting hold of a good joke. Notwithstanding that the joke was not revealed, the audience enjoyed it vastly, and "a laugh all round" was the order of the night. Barney and his *cara sposa* are evidently New York favorites. To-night, "Secesh," a one act burletta, by Henry Morford, is the card, "Phelim O'Donnell," and "Latest from New York" completing the bill of the play. "Secesh" is said to be a rich morsel, and full of political "hit-bits." It is to be hoped that come "secesh" will take better than "secesh serious" with the Gothamites. Mr. Barney solicits the suffrages of the people on Friday evening next, when his benefit takes place.

Edward Chamberlain, better known about town as "Zeke," takes a benefit at the Melodeon on the 4th inst., when the entertainment is to be something extra, we understand, several good 'uns having volunteered to assist.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Miss Eloise Bridges, better known in theatrical parlance as Loose Breeches, is reciting, at the New Orleans Academy of Music, an intensely exciting Secesh poem, entitled, "We Never Can Be Conquered."

J. Wallack opened at Rochester, N. Y., on the 25th ult., in the "Stranger." "Oliver Twist" was presented, with Wallack as Fagan, on the 26th, and Mrs Eldser as Nancy Sykes.

Writing from Indianapolis, Ind., under date of Nov. 25, "Dogberry" says that "winter has fairly set in with us. Money is plenty and no dearth of amusements.....Professor Anderson opens this evening, the Masonic Hall for six nights only.....Mr. Busche The opening pieces of 'Satan in Paris' and 'The Irish Dragoon'..... Leslie May and Mr. Jackson have opened an Ornithological Museum. They have a splendid collection.....Charlie Lovett, warbles forth nightly at 220, and his numerous friends are getting up a handsome testimonial for a Christmas present.....The Æolian Minstrels are here doing no thing.....Professor Hubbinger, and his three performing dogs are at 220.

At the Metropolitan Theatre, Detroit, Mich., business has been much better than the fair manageress, Mrs. H. A. Perry, anticipated. Miss Marion Rainforth, late of the Boston Museum, made her first appearance there on the 26th ult., when "Geraldine," with Miss Bateman as the heiress, and "The Dead Shot," were enacted. On the 27th the American comedy of "Self" was the attraction.

Graffam's Campbell Minstrels were at Freeport, Ill., on the 26th ult. They report business as having been good with them, a state of affairs for which they should be grateful, and doubtless are, and on which we congratulate them. In the company are T. Williams, Al Brundage, Sam Price, Kelly, Noulton, Strait, and West.

Morris, Pell & Trowbridge's minstrels are still reaping a golden reward for their untiring efforts to please the Boston public. The spice of their bill last week, was "The Mummy," "The Pleasures of a City Life," "Alabama Joe," "Essence of Ole Virginny," etc., which may be pronounced rich and racy indeed, more especially in the hands of so good a company. We observe, however, that Messrs. Reeves and Howard were to bring their engagement to a close there last week. "How hard it is for friends to part!" That's a sympathetic "goak."

B. R. Maginly, acting manager of the Academy at Milwaukee, Wis., took a benefit on the 25th ult., on which occasion he appeared as Henry Graves, in Bulwer's comedy of "Money." At the close of the piece he was presented with a diamond ring.

Kane's Arctic Panorama showed at Milwaukee, Wis., on the 26th ult. It closed there on the 29th.

Captain Henry Chapel, of the Greenland whaleship Ansel Gibbs, which was confined for a long time in the ice of the polar seas, sent to the office of the New London *Daily Chronicle* some curious productions in a theatrical way. They are play bills of the "Greenland Theatre"—an institution which was established on board the ship to afford amusement to the officers and men during the long nights of their imprisonment in the ice. They are written on strips of foolscap paper, and some of them show that all the author's skill in pen-and-ink ornamentation was put forth in their production. The first one announces that

THE THEATRE
will be opened on the 25th of December, (1860) at 7 P. M.,
And offers as the attraction
OROONOKO;
OR, THE STOLEN PRINCE.
To be followed by the laughable farce of
ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR.

On the "second night of the season," Tuesday evening, January 22d, 1861, the first piece on the bill was 'Rachel Ryland, or the Poacher's Doom." This was followed by an "overture on the Concertina, by R. Mead," a "High and fling, by Mr Lyon," and, to conclude, the farce of "The Daguerreotypist." On this evening the front seats were to be reserved for the Captain and officers. At the bottom of the bill appears an announcement that the great historical drama, entitled "The Gunmaker of Moscow" was in preparation, and would soon be brought out; also, an appeal to all concerned to "Come One, Come All!" On various subsequent occasions were performed 'Paddy Miles' Boy, the "Yankee Duellist," 'The Darkey Dentist," "Love in Humble Life," "Strategy," "Rob Roy," and other plays.

In the archives of Lucca, a manuscript of Galileo and an unpublished drama of Metastasio have just been discovered. They are to be published at Florence.

Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist and preacher, is suffering from a severe illness at Belfast, Ireland.

Miss Fanny Gilmore opened a new concert saloon at Allentown, Pa., on the 30th ult.

A pretty and talented German *artiste* has put herself up at lottery. There are to be 500 tickets, at 50 thalers each, and the drawer of the winning number is to have, during twelve months, the exclusive right to her professional services.

G. W. K. writing from Pittsburg, under date of Nov. 23th, says:—The following may be considered as a correct review of amusements in our smokey city for the past week. At the theatre, Hackett remained two nights more than was expected. He concluded his engagement on Saturday evening, 23th inst., drawing good houses up to the last. The vacancy was soon filled with another luminary in the person of Miss Maggie Mitchell, who made her *debut* on the following Monday, 25th inst., as 'Satan in Paris," her success, however, being somewhat marred, through the following circumstances:—On the first instance the night was very stormy indeed, in the second place it had been rumored in the early part of the day that a riot might be expected, because of the reports that the fair Maggie had boasted of her secession principles while performing in a Southern theatre. But admiring the facts as they were she was never heless enthusiastically received, and at no time during the performance was any indignant feelings manifested by the audience. But subsequently some difficulty arose, the particulars of which I quote from the Pittsburgh *Evening Chronicle*, of Nov. 26—"Those who visited the theatre last night were treated to a scene not set down in the bills. Our readers are perhaps aware that Miss Maggie Mitchell commenced an engagement with Mr. Henderson last evening, and they also recollect, doubtless, the fervor with which the lady, but a few months since, was reported to have sung secession hymns in the South, calling the chivalry 'To Arms,' and done many other little things, all going to show that then and there at least her sympathy was with the rebels. We made allusion to Miss Maggie's course as reported in the Southern papers, at the time remarking that when she appeared here again she would be most likely to receive an unpleasant reception, and the result shows that we were not very far astray. Saturday night, when the bills came out announcing her engagement, her course in the South was discussed at some length, and one young man, a captain of artillery in the volunteers, who ventured to state, in terms more emphatic than polite, that if she did so and so she was, we wont say what, was grabbed by an officer and put out of the theatre. This but tended to increase the excitement, and such was the feeling abroad yesterday, that many believed she would not be permitted to play last night, and several visited the theatre with no other purpose than to enjoy the 'scene' to which it was expected the matter would give rise. The first act passed off without disturbance, the lady's frightened and distressed appearance enlisting the sympathy of the great mass of the audience and preventing any demonstration against her. At the beginning of the second act, however, the artillery Captain before referred to, contrived to get up a scene with a gentleman who, we believe, travels with Miss Mitchell, and who, it was alleged, was formerly manager of a Southern theatre. The lady was also hissed to some extent, and the greatest excitement and disorder prevailed. The police now interfered, and the 'gallant Capting' was arrested and taken to the Mayor's office, but he soon contrived to regain his liberty, and re-appearing at the theatre just as the piece had closed, himself and his friends were loud in their demands for a 'speech' from Miss Mitchell in explanation of the charges alleged against her. Miss Mitchell was unable to reply, but Mr. Henderson, who led her before the curtain, answered on her behalf, stating that the lady had never trampled upon the American flag as had been reported, and that the rumor to this effect was a cruel falsehood. This seemed to satisfy the Captain, and he was now as boisterous in his applause as he had before been violent in his expressions of dissatisfaction. The curtain was soon after rung up, and the entertainment proceeded without further interruption. The scene altogether was a most unpleasant and distressing one, yet while we cannot but condemn the coarse manner in which the Captain acted, candor compels us to state that for anything that took place Miss Mitchell has herself to blame. Looking, as she must have looked, to the whole country, North and South, for support in her profession, it was most injudicious in her, for the sake of a floating popularity, to identify herself in the manner in which she is reported to have done with the cause of secession, and it is not at all surprising that those who treated her with such kindness when here, should feel hurt to hear of her singing the 'Southern Marseillaise,' as one who was filled with ardor in the Southern cause, and receiving testimonials and compliments for her expressed devotion to Southern principles. We have no idea that Miss Mitchell was in the least serious in what she did, but her conduct was none the less offensive to loyal citizens for all this, and it should not surprise her now if they occasionally remind her of the fact. If she had identified herself in the same way with the Northern cause and gone South afterwards, would she have been permitted to appear, much less play in any theatre in Secessia? We hope, however, now that the matter has passed, that the lady will be permitted to play out her engagement without further interruption, and that, as she denies in *toto* that she has any sympathy with secession and proclaims herself true to the Union, she will receive that support which her sweetness of disposition and undoubted talent so richly entitle her. It would be in the highest degree unmanly to annoy her further, and we trust it will not be attempted"..... At Trimble's Varieties business is good, an undeniable truth, and wet or dry, but little difference is observed in the number of patrons. "Old Uncle Ben," is a shrewd and careful manager and understands well how to amuse the boys and send them away rejoicing.....The Canterbury Hall in Liberty street, is the title of a new establishment or rather an old one which has recently been refitted by Mr. Philip Kilen in the old Athenæum building, to be conducted as a first class concert hall, "the good lager bier" included in the list; but from its peculiar location and previous management, it is doubted very much whether it can ever acquire good repute or not. It is advertised to open on Thanksgiving afternoon with a good company, etc. As there is no programme yet

issued it is difficult to know who compose the present company But shall by next week.

Our correspondent "SHAKER," writing from Philadelphia, under date of the 29th ult., transmits the following summary of the business in that city:—"Since my last missive a decided slackness has taken place here, and although the depression is quite perceptible, no depreciation of talent has made itself manifest, and in the concert business in particular, good salaries remain unshaken. On Thanksgiving day afternoon, every place of amusement—good, bad, and indifferent—except the Walnut Street Theatre, were advertised to give a performance. There was a fine house at the Academy; the Arch was crowded day and evening; the Walnut was excessively jammed in the evening, and probably a thousand people were unable to gain admittance; Wheatley's Continental, ditto, all day; Butler's Olympic, crowded at night, and two thirds full in the afternoon; Rivers', about half full in the afternoon, and a fair house in the evening; the other places showed to poor houses in the afternoon, and fine ones in the evening. The free concerts did a smashing business all day..... There have been a succession of excellent houses and attractive programmes at the Walnut Street theatre throughout the week. If anything, the business was superior to the preceding week. The principal attraction has been Mr. J. S. Clarke, in his great character in the play of the 'Octoroon.' He is, and has been throughout his engagement, exceedingly well supported.....The patrons of the Arch Street Theatre stayed at home a "leetle bit" more than usual this week, yet the houses throughout were fair. So far this season a degree of success has signalled the efforts of those in command at this establishment. No pains have been spared in the selection of pieces, which are exquisitely and correctly performed by the first-class company of Mrs. Drew.....At the Continental Theatre, the attractions are unabated. The bringing out of the superb Oriental spectacle of the "Cataract of the Ganges," has filled the houses the entire week. On Wednesday evening Tom Snyder, a young gentleman well known in this city and New York, had his ear bitten off by a horse, while going through the equestrian portion of the programme. The stud of animals introduced into the play belong to Mr. Whitby, well known in the circus business..... Herrman's second engagement at the Academy of Music was remunerative. On the whole, the people of this city were extremely fond of the prestidigitateur. Next Monday the Academy will open with Mr. Forrest, who, it is safe to conjecture, will be most enthusiastically welcomed.....This is "positively" the last week of Waugh's Italia. This chaste and entertaining exhibition has been very well patronized, as, however, most exhibitions are that hold forth at the Assembly Rooms.....The business at Sandford's has slightly increased since I was there last.....Signor Blitz has been doing a good business, considering the attractions outside, and the fact that he is an old stand by in Philadelphia.....The Melodeon has lost several of its luminaries of late, but continues to give a good show. Pell the leading ethiopian, is an excessively funny 'nigger,' and does all his acts with ease. Campbell seceded one day this week, but went back without coercion. The Melodeon has one of the finest orchestras in the city On the whole, the houses have ranged from half full to about two thirds full. Geo. Smith, the ballet master, will probably turn up at the Jones Hotel establishment should that place open in a couple of weeks. The matinee at the Melodeon was rather a slim affair on Saturday last.....At the Philadelphia Music Hall, Sixth and Arch Streets, business was suspended for three nights. Frank Dougherty and Fred Alms resumed operations on Wednesday evening, and introduced the democratic admission of five and ten cents. The houses have not been very full, but encouraging and paying..... At the Chestnut Street Music Hall, the business has slacked a little. The performance, for a minor one, is the best in the city, and the high salaries of the performers must, at the end of the financial week, make the manager feel a little lame. The entrance being on Sixth Street works disadvantageously to the filling of the seats. The manager tells me, however, that he is making money. Among the performers here are the King Brothers, who have associated themselves with Mons. Du Back, as acrobats, etc..... At the new Grotto Saloon the houses have been very good, although the manager came very near losing his entire company in the beginning of the week. Clara Butler set sail for St. Louis, and Harry Enochs and Johnny Wild went to the Olympic, and Billy Thomas to New York. But the show went on. One gentleman who had retired from the profession, and who had a "sit" at the Navy Yard, was persuaded to "black up" for a night or two. Billy Chambers and Miss Rosa Vollandt commence an engagement here on Saturday evening.....George Christy and company gave a number of performances at Concert Hall this week, but did not meet with success.....The business at Klein's, Second and Walnut streets, has been good. The company here is quite good. Miss Annie Rush, one of the members, is, in comic songs and duetts, the best card in the city.....At the Olympic Music Hall there has been a succession of crowded houses every night since Saturday last. The company at present here is an immense one, and the stage manager judiciously divides the work to be done. Half of the seats were in some way broken or mutilated on Saturday evening. A very valuable acquisition to this place is Miss Julia Mortimer, who is, by all odds, the most attractive singer in Philadelphia, and the best card for a manager. The Delevante Brothers, gymnasts, commenced here on Monday evening. In their acrobatic *roles* they are very good; but in the trapeze act they are wonderful and excellent, and not inferior to the Hanlons. Santiago Gobbonnoise, the boneless man, is the most remarkable contortionist and bender I ever saw. He does a multiplicity of extraordinary things, among which is the doubling himself up into a box 15 by 18 inches, with a number of bottles placed over him. There is an increase in the charms of the ballet since my last. Misses Francis, Collene, Gardner and Christine are the principal dancers. Miss Ellen Collene, under the tuition of Paul Brillant, is going to make a first-class *artiste*. Her sailor's hornpipe is second to none, and was applauded by Brillant himself, who was sitting in a private box, and who likewise bestowed the same notice upon the wench dancing of Mr. Donnelly. Tim Hayes, the clog dancer, stands at the head of the heap in that line of the business. Sam Long's National songs are very good. Miss Nelly Fay or made her first appearance here on Monday evening, and was well received, and rapturously encored. The nigger company is an extensive one, and comprises the names of none but first-class performers. L. Simmons, the banjoist, is a great favorite, and has made an immense hit with his song of "Abraham's Daughter." Harry Enochs and Johnny Wild made their first appearance here on Monday evening, and were enthusiastically received. Charley Gardner and Harry Enochs make a deal of fun in the act called "The Power of Music." One of the funniest acts of the evening is the Greenhorn's visit, in which Danny Gallagher, Harry Enochs and Johnny Wild appear. Every night this wonderful performance term nated with a walk around, in which the following "niggers" participated:—Simmons, McKenna, Gallagher, Wild, Hayes, Enochs, Gardner, Dougherty and others. Take the performances here, all in all, this is the best show ever given in the city of Philadelphia.....At Long's Varieties the houses have been a little better this week than usual..... The houses at Valer's Metropolitan have been very large. Matt Gebier has brought out some new songs, in which he makes great hits. Miss Lagrange, the dancer, is quite good. Miss Mary Newton, a good singer, is still here. Mr. Matthews, the Ethiopian comedian, brings down the house with his eccentric dances and songs. This is all the company here at present, for the very good reason that love and money will not secure more..... The Kossuth Free Concert is doing a good business, and an hour or two can be quite agreeably spent here.....At the Headquarters the houses have been quite large. Miss Maggie Bowers, the principal attraction, is a pleasing singer. For this week, *au revoir*.

In New Orleans they have one or two places of amusement in operation. The Academy of Music is one of these, and Mr. W. B Chippendale is acting manager. He does not seem to be a chip of the old block. At last advices, Miss Eloise Bridges was starring it, and in addition to other things, was nightly reading a poem entitled "We Never Can be Conquered." Such Bridges will not last very long. The old concert hall in Poydras street is now called the Confederate Theatre, and pieces of the blood and thunder stripe were being performed there.

Fanny Cerita, the famous dancer, has met with a sad accident. During the performance given at Moscow as a portion of the coronation festivities, she danced. While she was upon the stage a scene fell upon her, knocked her down, and she rolled towards the footlights. Her gauze dress took fire and she barely escaped with life. She has once or twice attempted to dance since that evening, but whenever she goes on the stage in costume, she is seized with violent palpitations of the heart and is obliged to lie on a sofa. The doctors think she can never recover from this shock.

The Theatre at Indianapolis, Ind., opened for the season on Monday the 25th, ult., with Miss Sallie St. Clair as the first star, supported by a full and most excellent company, among which stand prominent, Miss Marion McCarty and Felix Vincent, both formerly of Laura Keene's. The popular Miss Sallie remains until the 9th of December when she is succeeded by Couldock.

Professor McEvoy's Cyclorama in connection with his musical family, closed their engagement at Belleville, C. W. on the 26th ult., and opened for three nights at Albert Hall, Cobourg, C. W., on the 28th., John W. Whiston, the humorist, attached to this company, among other choice characters, has made a hit in "Our Country Cousin Abroad," the very make up of the features fetches the audience before the text commences. They proceed to Peterboro', Port Hope, etc., next week.

P. T. Barnum was in Philadelphia last week, looking at the Fetrige estate, some time since occupied by Van Amburgh's Menagerie, as a site for a museum, but the place did not seem to suit the showman, and he returned to New York.

At the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, Australia, Aladdin enjoyed a protracted run during the month of September.

Mr. John McDonough, late of the Olympic, Philadelphia, has gone to Washington, for the purpose of introducing the Seven Sisters to the residents of that city. All the machinery and effects used in the representation of the piece in Philadelphia, he has taken with him. Mr. Randall, the machinist, is with him, to run the machine.

The Colleen Bawn was introduced at Adelaide, South Australia, on the 11th of September, and proved successful.

Henry Calladine, pantomimist, died in Philadelphia on the 29th ult., of consumption. He was formerly connected with the Ravels, and subsequently with the Martinettis. His last engagement was with Frank Rivers, in Philadelphia. He was aged thirty-four years.

The Marsh Troupe were at Sydney, Australia, during the week ending August 24 h.

During the performance of a burlesque on Richard III, for Mr. Clarke's benefit, at the Walnut, Philadelphia, on the 29th ult., Mr. Vining Bowers, who was playing Richard, received a severe cut across the face from the sword of Richard. This was anything else but burlesque.

Lyster's Opera Troupe were performing at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, Australia, during the week ending September 25th. They were to be succeeded by Sir Wm. Don and lady.

Gen. Tom Thumb and suite visit Niles, Mich.; South Bend, Ind; Mishawaka, Sturges, Jonesville, Hillsdale, and Hudson, Mich., on the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 9th, 11th, and 12th inst. respectively.

Schiller's birth day, the 10th of November, was observed as a national holiday throughout the German Fatherland—concerts, balls, grand dinners, public orations, and gala representations of his plays characterising the festival, and every one—from the respective sovereigns to the humblest citizens—being anxious to do honor to the occasion. The day was also celebrated in Holland.

Herrmann the Prestidigitateur, opens at the Academy of Music, Boston, this Monday evening.

The Buckleys appear at Albany, N. Y. this Monday evening. Miss Julia Gould is with the troupe.

"Don't Forget your Opera Glass," is the title of a lively little sketch, recently brought out with success at the Boston Museum. Wm. Warren comedian to the establishment takes a benefit there on the 6th inst.

Geo. Goodwin, whose Menagerie was distroyed by fire in Boston some time ago, has connected himself with Wilder, the circus man, and on the 21 inst., their troupe commenced operations at the Howard Athenæum, Boston. Subjoined is a list of the company:—Messrs. Jas. Melliville, Tony Pastor, Nat. Austin, James De Mott, James Barry, Albert Aymar, Rogers, Ashton, Docrow, King, Barclay, Mme. Tournaire; Mlle. Jeannette Elisler, the tight rope artist, Miss Rogers, danseuse, Mast. Whitby, Daverney, the contortionist, and Messrs. Austin and Kennedy, jester of the arena.

Thos. Barry, the veteran manager, we learn, is preparing a magnificent war spectacle, to be brought out at the Academy, Boston, early in January next.

Barnum's Curiosities, The What Is It, The Albino Family, and the great Sea Lion, are on exhibition in Boston.

Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge Minstrels, continue to draw immense audiences at their magnificent Hall of Music, Boston. Herr Ludwig a violinist and cornet player of celebrity is the latest addition to the company. Master Leon, the Ethiopian Cuban and burlesque Prima Donna, and Jules Stratton, make their first appearance there this Monday evening.

At Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, Cal., Mrs. Leighton, is still performing with moderate success. Jos. Jefferson took his farewell benefit on Nov. 4th and sailed for Australia on the 5th. Mr. Jefferson's expectations of success in California, it is said, were not realized.

Miss Joey Gougenheim and Mr. Chas. Dillon, were performing at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., at last accounts, to a fluctuating business.

The McKean Buchanan Troupe are travelling through the interior of California. The Martinetti Troupe gave several performances at San Jose, recently.

Tom Hampton's Dramatic Company closed their performances at Smyth's Hall, Manchester, N. H., on the 27th, with a complimentary benefit to "Tom." A patriotic drama by Geo. H. Wilson, entitled "The Volunteers of '61," was produced for the first time, and E. M. Leslie, Prof. Harrington's agent, being in town, volunteered as "Robert Shelley." Tom went to Portsmouth, N. H., on the 28th, where he plays Annie Senter for five nights and then opens the new theatre at Hartford, Conn.

Harrington, the ventriloquist, received his usual Manchester, N. H. compliment of a good house on the 28th, his opening night, and was to continue on the 29th and 30th, bringing up in Nashua, Dec. 6th and 7th. There are very few exhibitions travelling in either Massachusetts or New Hampshire.

Geo. A. Smith, who was reported to have been dangerously injured by a leopard while putting it through a "course of sprouts" is well enough to resume his duties, the injury sustained by him having been somewhat magnified. Hudson and Columbia Counties, Pa., will be the scene of his operations this week.

Prof. Clark, displayed his panorama of the Bible at Coburg, C. W., on the 29th ult.

Duprez, Green, Warren and Denier's Minstrels and Pantomime Troupe, an extensive firm truly, after finishing up their term with the Haligonians (N. S.) make a bolt for the West Indies.

The Craven Minstrels commenced operations at Toronto, C. W., on the 28th ult.

In Toronto, C. W., they claim to have one of the prettiest little theatres extant. It has within the last fortnight, undergone a complete refitting, re-decorating, etc. Mr. James Fleming, the lessee, has spared no pains or expense to render it a popular, warm, and comfortable place of amusement. The company selected for the re-opening (Monday, Dec. 2nd) is said to be one of the best ever in Toronto, comprising such names as Craig, Morrison, Boswell, Den Thompson, Warren, Henry Linden, etc.; Miss Laura Day, Miss Julia Porter, Mrs. Baker, and others.

The Galesburg, Ill., Dramatic and Literary Association performed there on the 18th and 25th ults.

John Owens has leased the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore.

The Hutchinson Family, consisting of Fanny, Viola, John, and Henry, began an engagement on the 28th, at the Portland Theatre. Their advertisement terminated with the following words: "Tickets for ALL the Human Family, fifteen cents each; Children ten cents."

Sam Sanford is in Harrisburg Penn., doing a fair business.

On the 27th ult., the Mendelssohn Quintette Club began a series of concerts at Chickering Hall, Boston.

John Hewitt, a musical genius, formerly of Baltimore, has leased the Richmond, Va., Theatre. Last week he produced a piece of his own manufacturing, entitled "The Plains of Manassas." It is plain that that man is an ass.

On the 29th and 30th ults., Geo. Christy's minstrels performed at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore.

During the past week the "Octoroon" has been performed at the Holliday, Baltimore. The success of the piece has not been flattering. The production had been so altered to suit the peculiar tastes of the Baltimoreans, that Bourcicault would have scarcely recognized it as one of his sensation pieces. On the 29th ult., E. L. Tilton made his appearance at the above theatre in Tom and Jerry. Miss Lucille Western, having recovered from an accident, will re-appear this week.

The Continental Opera House, Baltimore, opened on the 25th ult., under the management of Billy Pierce and T. R. Jones, with the following company: Mrs. Carrie La Mont, Mrs. W. W. Pierce, A. Pierce, Johnny Heany, John Cusky, Silvester Clarke, and Master Florence. Leader of orchestra, Prof. G. Gaul.

The Kunkles continue to do a fair business at the Museum, Baltimore. The company consists of G. o. Kunkle, Harry Lehr, J. H. Rainer, Nelse Seymour, C. C. Lewis, Tom Floyd, Ross, Sprorer, Cotton, and Master Willie, the youthful wonder.

Miss Annie Waite, of Boston, intends resuming her professional duties in March next. She has had written for her three dramas, etc., which are expected to "take" with the people. See the lady's advertisement in these columns.

Mrs. Wyatt, with the Misses Helen and Julia Wyatt, Miss Lizzie Irwin, and Mrs. D. A. Ryan, and Messrs. Prior, Hill, Linwood, and Barker, gave a drawing room entertainment at Musical Hall, New Haven, Conn., on Thanksgiving day, 28th ult. $527 50 are said to have found their way into the treasury through their joint efforts that evening. Good!

Chanfrau has just concluded a successful engagement at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, Wis. J. H. Collins, the Irish comedian, follows him this week, commencing on this, Monday, evening. Last week, benefits were the order of the day there.

The Melodeon Concert Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., recently opened by Messrs Gobram and Mason, is said to be realizing their "great expectations." The following performers are now engaged:—Frank Howard, banjoist, tamborinist, etc.; Mlle Adelaide—Mrs. Howard—danseuse; Master George Howard, Young Bob Ridley, Essence, etc.; Mr. T. L. Fitch, basso and interrogator; Mlle Eloise, Mrs. T. L. Fitch, danseuse and comic vocalist; T. L. Metzger, guitarist, etc.; Mart Favin—the old original—comic singer and Irish comedian; J. V. Chaddock, alias Bob Shad, violinist and leader; M. A. Gilsinn, pianist.

Our correspondent "Seneca," writing from St. Louis, under date of Nov. 27th, says.—"We hold the even tenor of our way in this goodly town of St. Louis, and things theatrical are in a prosperous state. Mr. Couldock opened last night at the St. Louis Theatre, to a very fine house, in that most superb personation of his, Luke Fielding, in the "Willow Copse," than which no finer acting is ever seen it seems to me, for it is the mirror held to nature;" art so refined as to seem simplicity itself. Mr. Couldock remains two weeks, and will be followed by Maggie Mitchell. During his stay Couldock will introduce the beautiful domestic drama of "The Chimney Corner".... Canterbury Hall is doing a good business, with no late changes in the company, though I presume Geo. Beagle is here this, *en route* with some of the talent from "G. Gham," whose exodus you will no doubt chronicle.... The Melodeon is now doing a better business than for sometime past, and the stage, under the management of E. N. Slocum, is under much better sway than heretofore..... Bowery Concert Hall was the scene last week of an exhibition not set down in the bills. It seems that a party of young bucks have been in the habit of visiting there nightly, and bestow a liberal share of applause upon one of the actresses. This being noticed by another of the fair damsels, it aroused the "green eyed monster" in her bosom, which gave her the idea of cowhiding the "gallant" applauders. Word coming to them of her purposed vengeance dire, they provided themselves with some excellent vegetables—cabbages—with which upon her appearance they showered the stage. "Phancy her phelinks;" imagine a cat meeting a dog, in a hollow log. With grief not "too great for utterance," she mentioned pistols, knives, and other little articles of "bijoutry" she intended using, but as yet, peace reigns in Warsaw, and "the continuation of the tale may be looked for in the *Ledger*".....Mrs. Matt Peel's Minstrels perform here next week, and will do a good business, I think, as there has been nothing of the kind here for months. The company, it is said, will disband after closing here .....There are being held here, a variety of entertainments for the benefit of the wounded soldiers; among the most popular are *Tableaux Vivants*, done at private houses, and the tickets sold by fair ladies, who "bone" a man in such persuasive style that he buys tickets whether he wants them or not.

Of theatricals among the Britons we have the following digest, as being of interest to American readers:—On the 12th ult., the opera of "Lurline" was given at the Royal English Opera House, when Miss Louisa Pyne and W. Harrison resumed their positions. The lady's vocal powers appear not to have been impaired in the least. Jessie Maclean, a young American lady, who had formerly appeared as the Page in Ruy Blas, a part so slight as to give her no opportunity of distinguishing herself, took much higher ground in the *role* assigned her in 'Lurline,' and advanced considerably in public opinion. Her contralto notes ran without break into the soprano, and the effect was said to have been very agreeable. Her "Troubadour Enchanting" was sung with much refinement of taste and feeling; and the super addition of power will follow on a longer experience of the Lyric boards. It was pronounced a very successful effort, and encored with much and general cordiality, and Miss Maclean obeyed the summons. Her personal attractions are much in her favor, and it is expected that she will become a considerable acquisition to English Opera..... Miss Avon a Jones had created quite a sensation by her rendition of Medea, at Drury Lane. G. V. Brooke's Sir Giles Overreach was favorably criticised, and the same may be said of Mr. Sefton's Lord Lovel.....'Our American Cousin" was produced for the first time in England on the 11th ult., at the Haymarket, which afforded an opportunity for Mr. Sothern to display his abilities as Lord Dundreary, which he is reported to have dexterously executed, and succeeded in making it the principal feature. Mr. Buckstone, as Asa Trenchard, the American Cousin, created considerable merriment; Mr. Chippendale bestowed on Abel Murcott that skilful exercise of his art, which afforded ample demonstrations of his experience as an actor; and Mrs. Charles Young was earnest and effective as Florence Trenchard. ....."Peep o' Day; or, Savourneen Deelish," was produced at the Lyceum, on the 9th ult, in which Mrs. D. P. Bowers displayed great pathos and power as Kathleen Kavanagh, the Irish girl, exhibiting a superior capability for sustaining characters of that kind. Charles Selby appeared in the character of a picturesque ruffian, styled Black Mullins..... "The Colleen Bawn" had been produced at the Standard with its usual success....."Louisiana, or The Slave Daughter," is the title of a new and startling drama brought out recently at the Pavilion, and is thoroughly anti-slavery in its character. In criticising it, the *Era* says—"In contrasting, however, (as is done throughout) the curse of slavery with the blessings of freedom, we are inclined to think the allusions to America somewhat injudiciously overdrawn, and the merits of our own land painted in too brilliant colors." Unfair comparison is by no means a style of writing strange to English literature, when referring to this country, and we are pleased to observe that the *Era* has made the discovery, and censures it in the above manner. There is one drawback to it, however, which decidedly mars its outwardly fair appearance, and that is, that the stricture is not intended in a general sense, but as a pandering "tit-bit" to the South, its sympathies being evidently tainted with "secesh." If such opinions are its own, honestly arrived at after justly weighing the merits of the principles involved in the present struggle existing here, we pity its short-sightedness and lack of acumen; if it thinks, as being the organ of the profession in England, that it is acting wisely for its interests, and the American popularity of British artists, the same sentiment takes possession of us in regard to its ignorance..... Barry Sullivan commenced a farewell engagement at Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 9th ult. His performances have been very highly eulogized.....Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean opened at Brighton on the 11th inst., as also did Mr. and Mrs. Henri Drayton. Both parties were well received. .....The Female Christys had appeared twice at Bath ..... James Anderson's career at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, was pronounced a success. He still remains there..... The Christy Minstrels were at Barnsley on the 12th inst., where their niggerisms and popular ballads took amazingly, and their witticisms brought down the house, which was a full one..... A troupe of melodists, called The Tourist Minstrels, were at Cheltenham. In the company were Messrs. Stewart, Hill, Walters, and Simmonds, and Messrs. James Lucomb, Hill and Birch. The "lady feature" appears to be a novel and attractive one on "t'other side." .....Gardiner Coyne, as Miles-na-Copaleen, in the "The Colleen Bawn," was underlined to appear at the Theatre Royal, Dundee..... Mdlle. Patti's Lady Henriette, in "Marta," gave universal satisfaction, at the Italian Opera, Dublin.....Jenny Lind, in conjunction with other celebrated vocalists, gave a concert to an immense audience at Glasgow, on the 9th ult.....John Drew's benefit at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, is said to have been quite a triumph, the house being crowded from pit to dome. His Tim O'Brien was spoken of as being the most natural Irishman ever seen there .....A panorama of Canada and the United States had been on exhibition at the Southhampton Theatre.....A new theatre is being constructed at Liverpool, and is to be opened about the Christmas holidays. The class of pieces to be produced are burlesques, light dramas, and operettas. The theatre will be divided into dress circle, box stalls, six private boxes, parquette, pit and gallery, and will seat 1 400 persons. The first class portions of the house will be fitted with crimson velvet arm seats, and silk drapery. The decorations will be dead white and gold, and the front of the dress circle will be fitted with vases of flowers, as in the Winter Gardens New York. The stage will be made with every mechanical contrivance and improvement. Capacious saloons will open out of the theatre, separately arranged for boxes, pit, and gallery, conducted on the American principle..... The Florences met with a flattering success in Dublin. They opened at the Theatre Royal on the 11th ult., to a house crowded to the utmost, and at the end of each piece were called before the curtain and heartily cheered. Mr. Florence's Irish delineations had the effect of keeping the house in a continuous roar of laughter and elicited high encomiums from the press.

At Burtis' Varieties, Brooklyn, business the past week was "just so"—sufficient to keep a broad grin on the good looking frontis piece of ye treasurer. Manager Boardwell never fails to produce an attractive programme, hence the people deluge the box office with their "credentials."

The various places of amusement in Pittsburgh, Pa., are reported to have done well on Thanksgiving day, a report that we are pleased to hear of.

The Peak Family of Bell Ringers have done sufficiently well at the Athenæum, Brooklyn, to warrant their making it their "abiding city" for another week. A. H. Fursaid, pianist and balladist from Boston, joins them next week to aid them in their "melodious measures," and in bringing dimes to their coffers.

The Denier Troupe in conjunction with Duprez and Green's Minstrels, have been sojourning in Newfoundland for the past four or five weeks. For the first fortnight business was "quishy," owing to stormy weather and the recent riots, but after that, prospects brightened so much as to warrant a longer stay. They leave the fishy regions in time to appear at Halifax on Dec. 9th, where they are anxiously looked for, the Haligonians having had no entertainment of the kind, it is said, since summer. They expect to arrive at Boston, Mass., about January 1.

It looks as if there would be some trouble on the occasion of the appearance of Mark Smith, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, this week. The *Sunday Dispatch*, of that city, which exerts some influence there, has the annexed article in regard to Mr Smith's appearance:—"We notice that in the play of Hamlet Mr. Mark Smith is cast for the part of Polonius. Does Mr. Smith seriously intend to try an experiment upon the patience and the patriotism of the citizens of Philadelphia? Did he not, after the American flag was insulted at Fort Sumter, and while the whole nation was stirred to its depths by that outrage, deliberately join with others in raising a Secession volunteer company in New Orleans? 'The Varieties Volunteers,' of which Joan E. Owens was Captain, and Mark Smith, George Jordan, W. H. Leighton, with others, were members, was no myth. Its members boasted of their treason as long as they found that treason would pay. Mark Smith was willing at that time to curry favor with the enemies of his country, applaud their treason, and to even put himself in a position where by he might have been sent in military service against the people of the North, who had supported him in his theatrical career. Does he now meanly ask them to support him because his secession patrons are too poor to maintain theatrical people? If Mr. Smith was *not* sincere in his secession pratings then he was acting a deceitful part. If he was sincere, he is audacious in speaking to the North and asking our people to give aid and comfort to an enemy. We hope that Mr. Nixon will see the necessity of withdrawing Mark Smith's name from the cast. His presence upon the stage will be offensive to every loyal American." Very sharp.

For the first time in five years Mr. Edwin Forrest makes his appearance in Philadelphia this evening, Monday, Dec. 2, at the Academy of Music, in the tragedy of Hamlet. The following is the cast:

HAMLET	EDWIN FORREST
Ghost of Hamlet's Father	Mr. J. J. Prior
Claudius (King of Denmark)	Mr. Wm. Carter
Polonius	Mr. Mark Smith
Laertes	Mr. John McCullough
Horatio	Mr. J. H. Collier
Osric	Mr. C. B. Harrison
Rosencrantz	Mr. H. B. Wall
Guildenstern	Mr. J. M. Ward
Marcellus	Mr. G. Beck
Bernardo	Mr. J. Taylor
Francisco	Mr. R. Stevens
Priest	Mr. Watson
Player King	Mr. N. C. Forrester
Lucianus	Mr. J. Wilson
First Grave Digger	Mr. James Martin
Second Grave Digger	Mr. E. T. Clinton
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark	Mrs. Farren
Ophelia	Mrs. Gladstane
Player Queen	Mrs. LeBrun
Pages	Misses LeBrun and Wilson

Mr. Forrest shows four times each week; on the off nights, Cubas, the Spanish danseuse, will appear.

The engagement of Mr. J. S. Clarke at the Walnut, Philadelphia, will probably be brought to a close on the 7th. Mr. Jas. Roberts, the tragedian, will succeed him, opening in his great impersonation of Mephistophiles, in Faust. He will be followed by Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams.

Mr. John Drew, Irish comedian, is expected home by New Years. Uncle Frank Brower has finished his Washington engagement, and is now in Philadelphia.

"Artemus Ward," the showman and serio-comic writer, and the man who does his own "punctooating," is giving a series of lectures in his peculiar style before the various Mercantile Library Associations of the country. They are said to be decidedly rich. He lectures this (Monday) evening, at Newark, N. J.

The Bohemian Troupe of Fancy Glass Blowers, are blowing things all their own way at Musical Hall, Brooklyn, and continue to enjoy the patronage of the people. A visit to Musical Hall is well worth undertaking.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THE AMATEURS.—Since the breaking out of the mad rebellion down South, our amateur friends have kept rather shady, as regards "smelling the footlights," for many of them, be it recorded, have smelt gun powder in doing battle for the Union. When "grim visaged war" showed its "wrinkled front," our amateur societies were staggered by the draught made upon their numbers, which put a quietus to "private theatricals." The clubs suspended operations, the old rendezvous—the Bond Box, in Houston street—was taken possession of by the Garibaldi Guard and turned into a temporary barracks, and where once reigned mirth and jollity, nothing for months could be seen but recruits for the Union army, in "active preparation" to march to the banks of the Potomac. We may here remark, that several of our amateur friends marched to the *banks* of Massachusetts, among them Mr. Howard, of the Burton club, noticed below. During the "let up" or suspension of business, the old hall in Houston street was renovated; new scenery was thrown into the place, and a new curtain painted, making, what was once a filthy kennel, a beautiful lecture room just suited to the wants of amateurs. On the 27th ult., we dropped into Dramatic Hall, as the place is called, and witnessed one act of the play of "All That Glitters Is Not Gold," by the Burton Dramatic Association, with Mr. Maxwell, late of the Thespian club, as Jasper Plum; Mr. Smith, of the old Manhattan, as Stephen Plum; Mr. T. Bowick as Frederick; Mr. G. T. Martin as Sir Arthur; John Cooper, as Toby Twinkle; Mr. Tickenor, as Harris; Miss Lizzie Burdett, as Martha Gibbs, and the Misses ——, as Lady Valeria and Lady Leatherbridge. The act was well played, in some respects, there being a deficiency, however, in the text of many of the characters. Mr. Maxwell, though he gave a creditable representation of Jasper Plum, seemed not at home in the part. Mr. Smith's Stephen Plum was a "big thing" and faithfully executed. It was really a pleasure to witness his efforts. Messrs. Martin and Bowick did well. John Cooper, as is his custom, made an immense amount of fun, and essayed the part of Toby in right good style. Well done, John. Miss Burdett looked attractive enough as Martha, but played in a style evincing a want of confidence; the lady lacks courage, and were it not for the absence of that important essential to success, we dare say, she would appear to a better advantage. Miss Burdett possesses all the attributes that make a good actress. She possesses a fine vocalism, a pretty face, an excellent education, and rare accomplishments, which can never shine forth until she assumes more confidence in her abilities when before an audience. The next performance will embrace the comedy of "A Husband To Order," a new local outrage, entitled "Sent to Fort Lafayette" and and a favorite after piece. The present strength of the Burton Dramatic Association will enable them to present a series of performances during the season, in which many old favorites and new candidates for popular favor will appear.

THE G. C. BONIFACE DRAMATIC CLUB re-organized on the 28th ult., Mr. W. H. Lee acting as chairman, and Mr. C. B. Vincent as Secretary.

THE NONPAREIL CLUB will, we learn, give a show at the Band Box on the 15th inst.

BALL PLAY.

MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE JUNIORS.—RESOLUTE VS. CONSTELLATION.—On Thanksgiving Day these first class junior clubs of Brooklyn played together for the first time this season, the result being a signal victory for the Constellation by a score of 19 to 7. These so called junior clubs, be it understood, are not composed of boys, but of young men, many of whom are older than the younger members of senior organizations; but as they have not yet become members of the Senior National Association they go by the name of junior clubs. The Resolutes and Constellations have been busy all this season in contesting with their brother clubs for the honor of being called the "Champions of the Juniors." The Resolutes have been very successful, but not so much so as their rivals, and this last defeat, though it was called a mere friendly set to, and not a regular match, unquestionably settles the question, for this season, at any rate. On the Resolute side it may be justly contended that they were minus the services of Cowperthwaite, Barto and A. Rogers, three of their best players; but the absence of the two former was compensated for by the presence of Blackwell and Bliss, the able catcher and 1st baseman of the Orientals—or rather, formerly of that club, for they are now members of the Resolutes—though it is not "30 days" since they played as members of the Oriental club. In view of the fact, therefore, that the Resolutes sustained such a defeat with the good players they had on this occasion, we question whether they would have succeeded had they been fully represented. The game of Thursday last was well contested, and but for the great advantage the Constellations obtained in their first inning as it would have been a close contest. The last four innings on both sides were characterized by excellent fielding, the infield being especially well attended to. On the part of the Constellations N. Smith, Moore and Phillips did well on the fly catching business, and the two Smiths distinguished themselves by their fine play on the bases. J. Smith putting out no less than eight players at 1st base. Lockwood also discharged the duties of catcher in a very creditable manner, as did Richardson those of pitcher, and Phillips was effective at 3d base. Moore, at short field, was active in his movements, and so were the out fielders. In batting, N. Smith again carried off the laurels, making 4 runs and 2 outs, the best score of the match. On the Resolute side, we have specially to mention the fine play of Bliss at 1st base, who put out eight players in that position. Blackwell also played in first rate style as catcher, putting out six players while at his post. Taylor pitched with considerable effect, seven of their opponents going out on foul balls, to two on the Resolute side. M. Rogers again did his duty thoroughly at 2d base, in which position he has no superior among the juniors, and Wilson was active at left field. Creagh, at short field, and Allen, at 3d base, both did effective service in aiding the first baseman to put out his men. In batting, Blackwell took the lead, Taylor being second on the same side. Mr. Colyer gave very satisfactory decisions as umpire, and thus materially aided in making the match a pleasant one. We give the score in full:—

BATTING.

CONSTELLATION.	H. L.	RUNS.	RESOLUTE	H. L.	RUNS.
Thomas, l f	2	3	M Rogers, 2d b	3	1
N Smith, 2d b	2	4	Taylor, p	2	2
Moore, s s	2	3	Creagh, s s	3	1
Sutton, c f	3	2	Bliss, 1st b	4	0
J Smith, 1st b	4	1	Allen, 3d b	4	1
Phillips, 3d b	4	1	Wilson, l f	4	0
Richardson, p	4	1	Blackwell, c	1	2
Lockwood, c	4	1	Beard, c f	3	0
Caruthers, r f	2	3	Stearns, r f	3	0
Total	19		Total	7	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

Constellation	10	0	2	1	4	0	0	2	0—10
Resolute	1	2	2	1	1	0	0	0	0—7

FIELDING.

	Fly	B'nd	Base	Total		Fly	B'nd	Base	Total
Thomas	0	1	0	1	M Rogers	2	0	1	3
N Smith	2	0	2	4	Taylor	1	1	0	2
Moore	2	1	0	3	Creagh	1	1	0	2
Sutton	0	1	0	1	Bliss	0	0	8	8
J Smith	0	0	8	8	Allen	1	1	0	2
Phillips	2	0	1	3	Wilson	0	3	0	3
Richardson	1	1	1	3	Blackwell	2	4	0	6
Lockwood	0	1	0	1	Beard	0	0	0	0
Caruthers	0	1	0	1	Stearns	0	0	0	0
Total	7	6	12	25	Total	7	10	9	26

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul		Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Thomas	0	0	0	0	0	2	M Rogers	1	0	1	0	0	1
N Smith	0	2	0	0	0	0	Taylor	1	0	1	0	0	0
Moore	1	0	0	0	0	1	Creagh	0	0	1	1	0	0
Sutton	0	0	2	0	0	0	Bliss	0	2	2	0	0	0
J Smith	0	1

THE BODY GUARD.

Have ye read of the sweep of the dread simoon;
Have ye heard of the storm-king mighty in wrath,
Have ye heard of the traitors, their fall and their doom,
When Zagonyi charged on them—Zagonyi and death?

Heard ye ever the wind in the mountainous gorges,
The rush of the torrent, the thunders loud rattle?
Then know ye the sound of Zagonyi's wild charges,
The wind mocking shriek—the thunder of battle.

Saw ye ever the race of the greyhound and beagle?
Oh, such was the flight of the cowardly foe;
Zagonyi came on them like swoop of the eagle,
They wavered, and faltered, and fled at the blow.

Have ye read of Thermopylæ, famous in story,
The gallant three hundred who died as they stood,
Whose heads are encircled with haloes of glory,
Whose fame is immortal—baptised in their blood?

Then know ye the race of heroes still lives—
The Guard are as brave as Spartans of old,
As mighty as lightning, that giant oak rives,
As fierce as the tiger—the lion less bold.

Charged the brave Body Guard, charged on the foe,
Tho' they outnumbered them scores to their one;
Charged them right manfully, laid their pride low,
Their war-cry the answer to death dealing gun.

Their dead are embalmed in the hearts of the free,
Their deeds shall be told to sons by their sires,
Their fame shall be wafted o'er land and o'er sea,
Their bravery the heart of each patriot fires.

ST. LOUIS. SENECA.

A PAINTER-PUGILIST.

JAMES WARD, ex Champion of the British P. R., whose doings therein have been duly recorded, and often referred to in the CLIPPER, has earned for himself a reputation for painting in oil, as well as in flesh painting in the magic circle. His execution with the bunch of fives was regarded as first class, while with the brush he is almost as great a proficient, considering that he is self-taught. A writer in a recent English paper thus enlarges on the merits of this remarkable man.—

"Instances are not wanting to prove that the study of pugilism and a love of the arts are compatible. Byron affectionately refers to his 'old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq., Professor of Pugilism;' many of us have read of Sir Thomas Lawrence's fistic encounters in Bristol fields with the lad who afterwards became his model for 'Satan,' and the name of George Morland was intimately connected with the prize fighting fraternity. Mr. Ruckin considers that 'painting, as a mere physical exertion, requires the utmost strength of constitution and of heart,' and recommends the simultaneous study of 'all athletic exercises, and all delicate arts.' The shortness of life is, unfortunately, inimical in most cases to the attainment of proficiency in both pursuits; the poet or painter may be but an indifferent pugilist, whilst the pugilist's attempt at painting would probably end in the production of a hopeless daub. His efforts at a literary composition, judging from the advertisements in the sporting papers, are only remarkable from their manly defiance of grammatical rules. Nevertheless, at the present time London boasts the possession of a man who has studied the 'art of self-defence' and the art of painting with equally happy results, of one who has taken the first pugilistic honors, and borne for six or seven years the proud title of 'Champion of England,' though in the recognition of his artistic claims he has not been so fortunate; his name does not yet appear on the list of members of the Royal Academy.

"Of the antecedents of this remarkable man I am unable to say much. James Ward was born at Liverpool, in 1801. His early life was one of hard work, being passed in ballast-heaving and coal-whipping. In 1832 he retired from the ring, and fifteen years later, being then forty six years of age, began to practise painting, and has since continued to combine the somewhat antagonistic professions of a publican and an artist. I had heard rumors of Mr. Ward's pictorial bent, had occasionally come across advertisements which, with admirable modesty, announced the fact that Jem Ward had just finished another picture, which he will challenge the world for color,' but never came across anybody who had seen any specimen of his talent. I determined, therefore, to go and judge for myself of the merits of this pugilist-painter's work, and, contrary to expectation, found that it evinced much manipulative dexterity and considerable poetic feeling. If the pictures of Mr. Ward presented no points of interest beyond the fact of having been painted by an 'ex-champion,' a notice of them would have been out of place in the pages of this journal; but inasmuch as *they really possess intrinsic merit*, a wider popularity than they have hitherto attained may very fairly be accorded to them.

"In the far east, in the unsavory locality called the Whitechapel road, stands a small public house. A huge red lamp which hangs over the doorway proclaims it to be 'The King's Arms,' or, more familiarly, 'Jem Ward's.' Pushing aside the door, the 'host' is discovered standing behind the bar, dispensing beer and gin to customers, whose apparel is not clean, and whose diction is strong. His appearance, if not altogether refined, has none of the ordinary aspect of the prize fighter. The head is broad, massive and powerful, and the expression of the face is honest, simple and intelligent. Your errand stated, you are ushered by 'Jem' up an awkward staircase, into a parlor of dingy aspect, and smelling somewhat strongly of stale tobacco-smoke. The low ceiling is blackened with the fumes of the gas jets. Around the room are hung some eight or ten of the proprietor's *chefs d'œuvre*, in gilt frames, as fly-bitten as the walls on which they hang. Other pictures, in various stages of progress, are stowed away in odd nooks, their faces to the wall. A bench runs along one side of the apartment, the furniture of which is coarse and common, with the exception of a rosewood piano, the instrument belonging to the painter's daughter, a pupil of Benedict's, and a pianist, I believe, of some celebrity. Such is the studio of 'Jem Ward.'

A STRANGE HOME FOR THE ARTS.

"A strange home for the arts it is, in the midst of the ceaseless roar of carts and omnibuses, the continual cries of costermongers and hawkers and the frequent din of drunken squabbles. Jem is his own showman and considerately saves his visitors the trouble of venturing any remarks on his pictures by criticising them himself. Diffidence is evidently a word of the meaning of which he is ignorant, and any tribute of praise that may be awarded to his work is accepted not as a compliment, but as a king accepts the homage of a subject. In his own opinion, few men, if any, have the advantage over him either as a painter or a connoisseur. To quote his own words, he 'can do all that Turner could do in color and atmosphere,' which he considers his '*forte*,' though he confesses with cheerful frankness that Turner surpassed him in 'detail.' That which has baffled the skill of so many painters, the imitation of the subtle hues of human flesh, is no mystery to Mr. Ward. He finds it 'very easy.' The old masters he considers almost unapproachable in this, but allows that Etty occasionally succeeded well. I had no opportunity of testing the accuracy of the ex-champion's opinions as to the facility he enjoyed in flesh painting, no portraits or figure subjects by him being at that time in the house. A coarse-colored lithograph, from a picture he painted of the fight between Sayers and Heenan, hangs in the bar; but this, of course, only gives an idea of the arrangement of the figures. The original was painted in opposition to the representation of the 'great event' published by Mr. Newbold, the cheap printseller in the Strand. Jem Ward's version has at least this advantage over its rival, that the figures it contains are, for the most part, directing their gaze to the main business in hand, while in the Newbold print at least half the spectators are turning their backs on the contest, and testify utter indifference to its results by glaring out of the picture with most unprofessional concern. In other respects there is much similarity between these works, and both enforce the same moral with equal power.

"Turner, to whom Mr. Ward so often compares himself, has evidently been the model on which he has formed his style. One picture, an English landscape, with some sheep in the foreground and a brilliant sunset sky, resembles somewhat the style of Constable in the execution of the foliage. This is one of the most defined and finished works of the painter, but in general, they all resemble, more or less, the later manner of Turner. Venetian scenes there are, with the sea and sky blending into each other in a suffused mass of light, revealing glimpses of hazy, pinky buildings, opposed by dark gondolas and vessels in the foreground. A cattle piece, in which two cows are painted with a Morland like power of brush, is so good, and the back of the canvas looks so old, as to raise in my mind the unamiable suspicion that it is some 'lot' purchased at a sale, and since invested with 'color and atmosphere' by Jem; but be this as it may, I saw ample evidence of his artistic faculty.

HIS PICTURES.

"His pictures are painted with great solidity, firmness, and a reckless power of hand, such as one might expect from a practised pugilist. They display a strong appreciation of color—not true color, perhaps, in many cases, but often beautiful in itself—and though frequently strong and brilliant, in no one instance does it betray the slightest suspicion of *vulgarity*. 'Here,' said he, turning a picture from the wall, placing it in a favorable light, and rubbing his moistened hand over parts that had lost their richness—'here's color, if you like; no one can beat that—it's soft and blooming like a peach. All done with the palette-knife. Here's a pair now, just begun; laid in the foundation you may call it; don't know what I shall do with 'em yet no more than a baby. When an idea strikes me, I shall take 'em up and put in my detail. Some little cattle on the hills here, perhaps a figure or two, and there you are. I could knock off a couple pair of them in a week if I'd only time, but when you're in business you're always being called off—you lose your idea and then you're done. Sunday morning's about the only time I can get to work. I sit down here with my colors on a large slab (don't use a palette), put my canvass on the back of that old chair, mix up the paint till I get a nice bit of color, and then on it goes with the palette-knife. Never mix the colors much; if you do you can't get richness or transparency; the fewer the colors the better.' In this last sentence it will be observed that Mr. Ward echoes, unconsciously, perhaps, the precepts of the old Venetian masters.

WHAT WARD SAYS.

"I have said that some of Jem's landscapes bear resemblance to Turner's later works. They would certainly deceive the superficial observer, and a tolerably near inspection would be required ere the practised eye could determine their author. It is not surprising, therefore, nor incredible, when the painter assures you that pictures he has given away, or sold as his own, have been vended by unscrupulous dealers as coming from the hand of the greatest landscape painter. Mr. Ward strongly insists on the stability of his work, from the simplicity of his materials and execution. Time, which injures and destroys other pictures, respects the works of Jem. It even improves them. 'I've been into places,' said he, 'where pictures of mine have been hanging; some I hadn't seen for a long time, and I couldn't believe my own eyes at first, they looked so much better than when I painted 'em. 'God bless my soul!' I said, 'they seem too good for me. They looked like old masters.' I have thus introduced a thoroughly original character. Of that there can be little doubt, and though opinions may differ as to the estimate of Mr. Ward's pictorial capacity, I think few will deny, after inspection of his works, that he has somewhat of the 'immortal element.'"

"Had his life been cast in a different lot we might have had great things from him. Pictures far below his standard may be seen by scores in any of our annual exhibitions. The painter's egotism is not surprising in one who has not measured his work with that of others; moreover, it is an inoffensive and amusing egotism, while there is something almost touching in the thought of this sexagenarian gladiator snatching a brief solace from the noise and tumult of a public-house bar and creeping to his little room above, there to paint with all the eagerness of a boy, and think of Turner and the 'old masters.'"

BATTLE WITH ELEPHANTS.

ON the 24th of September, at midnight, says an officer, I received information that two elephants of uncommon size made their appearance within a few hundred yards of the cantonments, and close to a village, the inhabitants of which were in the greatest alarm. I lost no time in despatching to the place all the public and private elephants of the station, in pursuit of them, and at daybreak on the 25th was informed that their very superior size, and apparent fierceness, had rendered all attempts for their seizure unavailing; and that the most experienced driver I had was dangerously hurt, the elephant on which he rode having been struck to the ground by one of the wild ones, which, with its companion, had afterwards retreated to a large sugar cane patch adjoining the village. I immediately ordered the guns to this place, but being desirous, in the first instance to try every means of catching the elephants, I assembled the inhabitants of the neighborhood, with the assistance of Rajah Rungnath Sing, and caused two deep pits to be prepared at the edge of the sugar cane, in which our elephants and people, with the utmost dexterity, contrived to retain the elephants during the day. When the pits were reported ready we repaired to the spot, and they were, with the greatest difficulty, driven into them; but, unfortunately, one of the two did not prove sufficiently deep, and the elephant which escaped from it, in the presence of many witnesses, assisted his companion out of the other with his trunk. Both were, however, with much exertion, brought back into the sugar cane, and as no particular symptoms of vice or fierceness had appeared in the course of the day, I was yet anxious to make another trial to catch them. The builders, therefore, were set to work to deepen the hole and prepare new pits against daybreak, when I proposed to make the final attempt.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 26th, however, they burst through all my guards, and making for a village about three miles distant, entered it with so much rapidity that the horseman, who galloped in front of them, had not time to apprize every inhabitant of his danger, and I regret to say that one poor man was torn limb from limb, a child trodden to death, and two other persons, females, wounded. Their destruction now became absolutely necessary, and as they showed no inclination to quit the large village in which the mischief had been done, we gained time to bring up the four-pounders, from which they soon received several round shot, and abundance of grape each. The largest of the two was even brought to the ground by a round shot in the head, but after remaining there a quarter of an hour apparently lifeless, he got up again, as vigorous as ever; and the desperation of both at this period exceeds all description. They made repeated charges at the guns, and if it had not been for the uncommon steadiness and bravery of the artillerymen, who more than once turned them off by shots in the head and body when within a few paces of them, many casualties must have occurred. We were now obliged to desist for want of ammunition, and before a fresh supply could be obtained, the elephants quitted the village, and, though streaming with blood from a hundred wounds, proceeded with a rapidity, of which I had no idea, to Hazarcebaugh. They were at length brought up by the horsemen and our elephants, when within a very short distance of a crowded bazaar, and ultimately, after many renewals of the most formidable and ferocious attacks upon the guns, gave up the contest with their lives. Nineteen four-pound shots have already been taken out of their bodies, and I imagine eight or ten more will yet be found.

TO MAKE A NICE JAM.—Lay your head under a descending pile driver.

HOW TO MEET A DUELIST.

A FEW years since, as a New England man, whose name was Brown, was passing a few days at a hotel in Ohio, he had the misfortune, unintentionally, to offend the susceptible honor of a tall Indian colonel, who was one of the boarders. His apologies not being satisfactory, a challenge was sent him, which, however, he declined on the ground of conscientious scruples. The colonel who, by-the-way, had won in two or three encounters, quite a reputation as a duelist, at once conceived the idea that his opponent was a coward, and resolved to disgrace him, by flogging him in the face of the assembled wisdom of the house. Accordingly, the next day, at dinner time, in marched the duelist, armed with a formidable cowhide, and advancing to Brown's chair, proceeded to dust his jacket for him in the most approved style. Brown was astonished. Luckily, he had once been a lieutenant of militia in his native State, and knew the importance of incommoding his enemy by a diversion. So, seizing a gravy tureen, he tossed the contents into the face of the belligerent colonel, and before the hero could recover from the drowning sensation thus occasioned, he sprang upon the table and began to shower upon him, with a liberal hand, the contents of the dishes around.

"You are an infernal—"

"Coward," the colonel was about to say; but at that time a plate of greens struck full upon his mouth, and the words were blockaded, and lost forever.

"Ha!" cried the little New Englander, whose blood was now up, "fond of greens, are you? Take a potato, too?" and he hurled a telling volley of hard potatoes at him. "Excellent eggs, here; capital things with a calf's head!" and crash came a plate of soft-boiled eggs against the side of his cranium.

The blows of the cowhide, which had hitherto descended upon the Yankee's head and shoulders, now began to fall more weakly and wildly; and it became evident that the assailant, half stunned, choked, and partly blinded, was getting the worst of it. His courage was fast oozing out.

"Take a turkey?" shouted Brown, as a noble old gobler descended upon the colonel's head, and bursting, filled his hair and eyes with delicious stuffing.

"Here's the fixings!" he continued, as the squash and jelly followed after.

By this time the colonel was irrevocably defeated; and, as his merciless opponent seized a huge plum pudding, steaming hot, and holding it above his head with both hands, seemed about to bury him beneath it, he quailed in terror, and throwing down the cowhide, turned about and made a rush for the door.

"Stop for the pudding, colonel, stop for the pudding, colonel!" shouted Brown.

"Pudding, colonel, pudding!" screamed all his fellow-boarders, amid convulsions of laughter.

But the colonel was too much terrified to listen to their kind invitations, and did not cease running until he had locked himself into his own room.

But although the colonel escaped from plum pudding, he could not escape from the ridicule which the affair occasioned. He subsequently challenged four persons against whom his ire was excited, and they all consented to fight; but availing themselves of the privilege of the challenged party, appointed pudding bags for their weapons. At length, the unfortunate duelist, finding, no one who was willing to shoot, or be shot at, was obliged to leave the State.

JIM GRIFFIN'S FIGHT.—"I say, you, Jim, tell us about that 'ere fight you had down to Punkapog with Sy Bates." The genius thus addressed by one of a crowd, was one of the best natured chaps mortal eyes ever looked upon—but good heavens how ugly! His face and neck were literally covered with scars, the effects of his many battles. He was as mild as a mug of cider when not in liquor, but when on a "bat"—stand clear. As he sat at the table he presented a curious spectacle (as they say at the Museum)—one of his eyes was missing, and the other was in deep mourning. One of his ears was lapped over like those of a pointer dog, and the other only hung to his head by the cuticle—the flesh had departed. The rings under his eyes, or where they should have been, were as numerous as Saturn's and as varied in hue as the rainbow. His nose was a smash—a perfect jam, and appeared to be wedged into his countenance butt end first. This "hero of a hundred fights" at last opened his capacious jaws—tossed out a quid of 'baccy the size of a "black hen's egg," called for a toddy and started. "Sy Bates and me had a fallin' out 'bout that spaniel pup o' mine—the beast would kill Sy's chickens, do what I could. It's a werry singular circumstance that I fed on chickin' meat for a hull season; for the dog would fetch the birds along for me to bile. Well, says Sy, I'll kill that pup o' yourn afore long. Seys I, don't do it, Sy. Well, the dog went out too much, and was killed as dead as a door-nail. I met Sy in the road and he gin me some slack about the chickins, and kinder hinted round that I trained the dog to steal 'em. I didn't like this, cos it was the nat'ral instink of the brute, so I up and hits Sy a wiper across the cheek, which sorter brought the salt into his eyes, but he was purty good with his maulers, and he gin me one back on the smeller, and smashed it. If it had only bled, I wouldn't ha' cared, but as the doctor says, the blood *cagulated*. I closed with him in hopes to get him down so as I could gouge him, but he was mighty strong in the hams. Jehosaphat! the fust thing I knew he had the best part o' my ear in his mouth. I then felt rale mad. He jumped back about twenty foot and out with a pistol and let drive at me—bang! Well then I *thought* I had him, after I shook myself and found all right. But the next thing, bang went another—then I *knew* I had him, cos I thought the double barrel had gin out. I was about to rush in—bang! says I, he's got another—you're mine sure, now. Just as I was on the spring—bang! then I know'd I had him, cos he'd fired four times. I out with my knife, and was walking to cut him up—bang! went the darned thing. *Then I knew he had a 'volver, and the way I put out wasn't slow.*'"

THE DINNER HOUR OF OUR FOREFATHERS.—Our forefathers dined at an hour at which we think it fashionable to breakfast: ten o'clock was the time established by ancient usage for the principal meal. Froissart often alludes to it in a way that proves it to have been the usual hour among the wealthy. In the fifteenth century it approached nearer to noon. In the rules for the regulation of the household of the Princess Cecil, mother of Edward IV., it is laid down that upon ordinary days, dinner was to be held at eleven, but upon fasting days at twelve. In the time of Elizabeth the gentry dined at eleven and the merchants at twelve. We never read of late dinners in the olden time, unless, indeed, as a freak or from eccentricity. The Comte de Foix, says Froissart, had a strange custom of rising at noon and supping at midnight, which was seven hours after the general evening meal tide. Dinner and supper were the only meals. During the reign of Henry I. Robert Earl of Mellent went to the extreme of relinquishing even the supper; and his example was so powerful that it became the established usage for some time, much to the annoyance of the good livers, who sorely grumbled, and accused the earl of maintaining a niggardly household under the pretence of a new code of health. * * When Richard II. went to arrest the Duke of Gloucester at Pleshy Castle, he arrived about five o'clock, and found that the Duke had supped. The household of the Princess Cecil supped at four. Ten for dinner and five for supper were the hours observed at the University of Cambridge in the time of Edward VI. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, five and six was the supper-time among the higher classes, and husbandmen supped at seven or eight. Notions of gentility appear to have been the reverse of those now prevailing—the earlier hour was then the hour of fashion. Lord Burghley, in 1583, was recommended by his physician to dine at nine or ten, and to sup at six or seven, as most conducive to health. "I never come into my dining-room," says a character in a play of Beaumont and Flether's, "but at eleven and six o'clock I find excellent meat and drink upon my table."

ARTEMUS WARD ON NEW ENGLAND RUM.—Your favorite beverage I disgust. I allude to New England Rum. It is wuss nor the korn whiskey of Injianna, which eats threw stun jugs & will turn the stummick of the most shiftless Hog. I seldom seek consolashun in the floin bole, but tother day I worrid down sum of your Rum. The fust glass induced me to swear like a infooriated trooper. On takin the second glass I was taken with the desire to break winders, & arter imbibin the third glass I knocked a small boy, pict his pocket of a New York *Ledger*, and wildly commenced readin Sylvanus Kobb's last Tail. Its dretful stuff—a sort of lickwid litenin, gut up under the personal supervishun of the devil—tears men's inards all to peaces and makes their nose blossum as the Lobster. Shun it as you would a wild hyena with a fire brand tied to his tale, and while you are abowt it you will do a fust rate thing fur yourself and everybody abowt you by shunnin all kinds of intoxication lickers. You don't need 'em mor'n a cat needs 2 tales, sayin nothin abowt the trubble & sufferin they cawse. But unless your inards air cast iren, avoid New Englan's favorite Bevrige.

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